THE REFLECTOR.

A SELECTION OF

ESSAYS

ON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS

OF

COMMON LIFE.

FROM ORIGINAL PAPERS.

Illuſtrated with

ENTERTAINING ANECDOTES.

I love to write, to ſpeak myſelf as plain
As honeſt Skippen of downright Montaigne.

POPE.

VOL. I.

DRESDEN,
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BRITISH MUSEUM

PREFACE.

It will be eaſily perceived that theſe eſſays were written by a plain man, for the peruſal of plain readers; and we apprehend they may be more adapted to their peculiar circumſtances, than Treatiſes which have the manners and ſituations of the great world more in view. Steele and Addiſon, to their immortal honour, were the firſt who brought philoſophy from ſchools and colleges, to viſit the dreſſing-room and parlour: and our author, with a wellmeant gallantry, has wooed her to take a trip with

him towards the farm-houſe and the cottage.

But the politer reader, if we ſhould have the honour to engage his attention, muſt not expect us to catch the living manners of the beau-monde, nor to give ſuch paſtoral views of rural life as are fitted to amuſe the learned or the ſtudious; but merely to paint country manners as they appear to a plain country-man, and exhibit a kind of rough ſketch of ruſtic nature; while thoſe even of ſuperior talents may find amuſement and inſtruction.

Many critical objections may be made to our plan—that the ſcenes and alluſions are too indigeſted—the ſatire

ſatire rough and declamatory — that both invention and humour are wanting to render the work equal to that of the immortal Bickerſtaff: the firſt of theſe muſt be imputed to a ſlight education, the ſecond to local ſituation, the third to peculiar temper, and the laſt, to a frigidity of genius. Yet ſurely it is no ſuch very great ſin, for a man of confined talents, to lay ſome of his thoughts and obſervations before the public. The world, even the literary world, is perhaps under greater obligations to little nameleſs writers, than is generally imagined. The uninformed mind may ſtumble on important remarks or a happy thought. — Virgil is ſaid to have found jewels

on the dunghill of Ennius; and even the man of erudition may diſcover ſomething worth his peruſal in the moſt ordinary ſcribbler.

It remains only to obſerve, that although we profeſs to have always written from our own judgment or feelings, and never influenced by a great name to ſpeak contrary to our fixed opinion, yet we have carefully avoided giving falſe ſentiments, for the ſake of novelty, or gaining the fame of original writings. On no occaſion have we miſſed obſerving what is juſt and pertinent, becauſe it had been ſaid before, or might be accounted trite and common.

The

THE REFLECTOR.

AN EXORDIUM.

There is a certain diſorder, which ſome people are liable to; the learned call it a CACOETHES SCRIBENDI, for they feel a crowd of ideas (like ſo many inſects) crawling and buzzing in their brains, ſo that no kind of eaſe is to be obtained but by ſcratching, not as in the common diſorder, but upon paper: there is a very material difference in this diſtemper, from all other maladies; for thoſe who have caught it, are not aſhamed, but vain, and ever uneaſy until they have made it public.

It is chiefly in great cities and univerſities that this diſorder rages, where it is caught by poring over infectious old books, but is ſeldom troubleſome to the

lower ranks of people in the country; and yet ſafe as my ſituation ſeemed to be, I have not been ſo fortunate as entirely to eſcape the contagion.

When a boy my inclinations ſeldom led me to play, or any of the more active exerciſes, but to inceſſant reading: books of all ſorts, as they came in my way, were read, regardleſs of choice or order; ſo that (having a good memory) my head became in a little time a confuſed magazine of plays, novels, hiſtories, and I know not what. — My country neighbours, therefore, thought me a prodigious ſcholar; nay, I believed ſo myſelf, until experience checked my vanity, and convinced me of the contrary. I had gained, by miſcellaneous reading, ſome little ſmattering of almoſt every ſcience, without a compleat knowledge of any.

From being ſo very much a reader, it ſoon followed that I longed to be a writer too: My firſt attempt was a kind of a rural newspaper, in which I gave an account of rumours, of weddings, pregnant damſels, men beating their wives, and wives ſcolding their huſbands; in ſhort, whate-

whatever reports were at that time paſſing in the country. And it was, perhaps, that natural love of publiſhing common to all ſcribblers, which induced me to exhibit it among my companions, ſo that every one heard of it, to whom it was likely to give offence; my parents were on all hands complained to, and inſtead of a wreath of laurel upon my brows, I received nothing but a twig of birch, upon that part where, Hudibras ſays, the ſeat of honor lies.

This cured me for a long time of all deſire to become an author; but that paſſion which is grounded in our nature, is never entirely eradicated, and as my lazy habit has made me more of the ſpectator than actor in life, I have had leiſure to make many REFLECTIONS on the conduct of others, which being formed chiefly among acquaintances of my own rank, may perhaps be peculiarly amuſing and uſeful to them. This conſideration, together with my natural love of authorſhip, has induced me to execute the following ſcheme.

Obſerving one of the lowermoſt panes of our village Innkeeper's parlour window

to be broke out, (which I hereby command him upon no account to get repaired, but to keep it as at preſent only ſtopped up with a looſe board) I ſhall drop in this Exordium now, and a ſheet of my ſpeculations early every Saturday morning, to be peruſed by thoſe who prefer amuſement to intoxication. — As my landlord's daughter is in the grocery and millinery line, I ſhall hope to have female readers too. For the benefit of correſpondents, like my predeceſſors in town, I ſhall ſlip in a little thrift-box, which ſhall ſtand within reach of the broken pane, at the ſervice of thoſe who have a deſire of contributing their obſervations.

POSTSCRIPT.

To the ill-natured Reader.

Whereas in order to diſplay vice and folly in more lively colours, it may be expedient to introduce certain ridiculous or wicked characters in my enſuing lucubrations; now this is to aſſure thee, that theſe ſhall be the ſole offspring of the author's

thor's own brain, and not intended for pictures, or repreſentations of any of thy acquaintances, and if thou in the malice of thine heart applieſt them to any ſuch, thou, (and not the writer) art the author of the ſcandal.

Notwithſtanding which, if thou meeteſt therein with any cap thou thinkeſt may fit thine own dear pate, take it, it is moſt heartily at thy ſervice. But if thou findeſt thyſelf galled by the touch, remember, it is thou that applieſt the ſatire; ceaſe to be a raſcal, or a coxcomb, and theſe characters are no longer thine.

NUMBER I.

RURAL VIRTUE.

Great Julius, on the mountains bred,
A flock, perhaps, or herd had led;
He who ſubdu'd the world, had been,
But the beſt wreſtler on the green.

WALLER.

Two or three hours after having depoſited my firſt paper in its deſtined place, with all that anxiety which an author feels for the reception of his works, I went to hear how it was received.

A gentleman from London had juſt perus'd it. „Well, (ſays he) if your RE„FLECTOR could inſtruct his neighbours „in the proper management of their farms, „and teach their wives how to make the „moſt of their dairies, he may be of ſome „ſervice to them; but if, (as I apprehend „from the account he has given of him„ſelf) morality and ſatire are his themes,"

Shoot folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they riſe.

„It

„It is not poſſible here, (were his abili-
„ties much greater than they ſeem to be)
„for him to make any thing of them, for
„the town is the only place for variety of
„character; in the country you are all
„juſt the ſame; equally dull, and equally
„honeſt."

But, with this good gentleman's leave, we are neither ſo dull, nor ſo honeſt as he may imagine. We have country agents to the nobility and gentry, who are as attentive to their own intereſts, and as negligent of their employers, as ſo many miniſters of ſtate. We have limbs of the law in almoſt every market town, who are as compleat harpies (ſo far as their claws can reach) as any to be found in the Inns of Court.

We have Clergymen who are as eaſy about ſpiritual affairs, and as anxious about temporal, as any of the dignified prelates of the Church. We have wives who have as little dread of cornuting their husbands, as if they had lived all their days in the environs of St. James's, and huſbands (when the gallant is able and willing to be a benefactor) who will ſleep as apparently

ſound

ſound as the Roman Senator did when his wife was in the arms of Auguſtus Cæſar! — Nothing ſimilar I ſuppoſe has been heard of among the honourables, or right honourables of latter days.

The truth of the matter is, human nature is every where the ſame; fit for the culture of virtue, but more apt to ſhoot up weeds of vice and folly; in every ſtation there is an opportunity for the one, and a temptation to the other; and although in an obſcure and humble ſtate of life, the virtues and the vices may not glare ſo much to the public eye, yet the heart will ſhew itſelf in its true light to the few who have the diſcernment and opportunity to perceive its workings.

Julius Cæſar (ſay the hiſtorians) had a ſtrong athletic frame of body, but whether ſufficiently ſo, to have made him (as Waller ſuppoſes) „the beſt wreſtler on the „green," I know not; yet can have little doubt but his aſpiring genius would have led him ſome way or other to a pre-eminence. Had not the misfortunes of Charles the Firſt opened a field for the ambition of Cromwell, he had only been known

known for a bold cunning fellow, and that but among a few of his acquaintance.

I have often amuſed myſelf by conſidering, what ſort of a figure ſuch an one would cut, had he been a Prince or a ſenator. In a Yeoman who has taken upon him, the conducting of Parochial affairs, we may trace the addreſs and management, the prudent regard to public and private intereſt, and (what is moſt of all neceſſary in an Engliſh Miniſter) *the patience of abuſe and public diſlike*, which would have made him (with proper opportunity of improvement) an excellent Chancellor of the Exchequer. Many at a veſtry oppoſe meaſures, merely becauſe they have not the direction of them, and bear a ſtriking reſemblance to the conduct of patriots in Parliament. — I know a countryman who poſſeſſes the retentive memory, — the volubility of tongue, — the braſs front, and the latitude of conſcience, to make him as excellent a Lawyer as ever flouriſhed at the bar. — And could ſhew you a farmer's daughter, who, if ſhe had been bred up a fine lady, would have

have led the ton at court, in dreſs—aye and perhaps in gallantry too.

But that my compariſons may not all ſeem invidious, I will (alas! it muſt be from antient hiſtory) give you an account of a truly noble and generous behaviour of a great man, and then ſee whether I cannot find a parallel amongſt my honeſt neighbours.

Scipio Africanus the younger, being adopted by his uncle, ſucceeded to his large eſtate; he was to have paid his ſiſters their portions, at three different and diſtant periods, but diſcharged them immediately, making them many rich preſents; he then gave up to his brother his right to half of his father's eſtate, that their poſſeſſions might be equal. Theſe were truly heroic actions, and contribute more to the real honor of Scipio than the deſtruction of Carthage.

The father of T. R. dying inteſtate, he was by law intitled to his whole eſtate, which conſiſted of three copyhold tenements; he gave each of his two brothers one, with ſuitable portions to his ſiſters. Was not this plain countryman animated with

with the ſame generoſity of heart, and fraternal tenderneſs to his family, as the ſo much and juſtly celebrated Scipio?

NUMBER II.

LOVE.

Beauty, like ice, our footing doth betray,
Who can tread ſafe on that ſmooth ſlipp'ry way?
DRYDEN.

Ambition, and many other of our paſſions, may lie under ſome reſtriction in an humble ſtation, but love has as wide, if not a wider ſcope for diſplaying its fulleſt colours, in that, as in a more elevated rank of life.

What I mean by love, is that particular affection one ſex entertains for the other, raiſing a deſire for the moſt laſting, as well as the moſt delicate and tender connection. It is diſtinguiſhed from friendſhip, by the jealous wiſh of ſolely engroſſing the beloved object. It is diſtinguiſhed from mere gallantry, by not even

wiſhing a gratification which is not conſonant to the honor and happineſs of the object beloved; by taking more pleaſure in promoting the fond idea of giving delight, than enjoying it. It is a paſſion quite diſtinct. It is friendſhip warmed, ſoftened and cemented by tenderneſs; it is deſire corrected and refined by friendſhip.

Many people talk of love as if there was in reality a little blind Cupid flying about, and ſhooting his random arrows, to give the chance blow of a moment; but this is ſeldom the caſe; love is moſtly a growing paſſion, which from ſmall, nay often imperceptible beginnings, gains upon, and at laſt entirely engroſſes every faculty of the ſoul. Whatever it be which induces two young people of different ſexes to like each other, if it be only the mere love of romping, or the more refined pleaſures of converſation, they will moſt ſurely find, „that friendſhip with „woman, is kindred to love." Nay, often where there is ſcarce any choice or opportunity, the natural bias that the ſexes have for each other, begins a correſpondence which often ends in love.

Time

Time paſſes away ſo agreeably, we feel ſuch a ſweet hilarity of ſpirits, yet ſuch a pleaſing languor in the company we at firſt but admire, that we are perpetually longing to renew the joy. In abſence the mind grows languid, and (although this paſſion gives a more than ordinary ſoftneſs to the manners) all other company grows inſipid; we become careleſs and thoughtful, while involuntary ſighs betray the tender emotions of the ſoul. If the name of our beloved makes the heart palpitate, what are our feelings, when we ſee the object! It is thus we ſlide on in a ſweet delirium, ſcarce conſcious of our chains; but if any croſs accident intervenes — the dread of a rival, — prohibition of a parent, — or the remonſtrance of a friend, our paſſions break forth at once like an hurricane. Reaſon oppoſes it in vain; indeed the traitor often makes but a ſham defence, it winds about, and about, until at length it fairly declares in favour of our love. Every lover almoſt, is preciſely in the ſituation of Congreve's Mirabel, he conſiders the faults of his miſtreſs until he thinks them all vir-

tues; and continues happy in these sweet deluſions, 'till „girning marriage comes „and ends them a'."

By this Paper I mean to warn young people of both ſexes to be extremely careful how they enter into company, without reflecting (while yet their reaſon is unclouded by paſſion) whether the perſon they ſeem ſcarcely to prefer is ſuch as would, or would not be ſuitable for an union of life; however little we may dream at firſt, this is no unlikely conſequence: where opportunity is complaiſant enough to allure, or perhaps neceſſity invite, to commence any thing like gallantry, is peculiarly dangerous: I never knew a young fellow begin any thing of the kind with a girl in the ſame houſe, but it ended either in a wedding, or—ſomething worſe.

I ſpeak not thus, as being an enemy to virtuous love, on the contrary, when it is placed upon a proper object, and meets with a ſuitable return of affection, it muſt be looked on as, indeed, „the cordial drop" of life; the nobleſt, as well as ſwee-

ſweeteſt paſſion of the ſoul. Only I would recommend it to young people, before they ſuffer this paſſion to gain ſuch an aſcendancy over them, as to bid defiance to the controul of reaſon, to canvas the following conſiderations impartially in their thoughts.

Whether there is a likelihood of obtaining the perſon they could love? For to indulge a paſſion where there is no hopes of a return, is ſurely the height of folly and madneſs, as it can only tend to embitter the cup of life with unavailing ſorrow, and end it, perhaps, in ruined intellects, or a broken conſtitution.

Whether independant of perſonal beauty, and ſuch lighter qualifications, as ſerve merely to pleaſe the fancy, the perſon they like poſſeſſes ſuch ſolid virtues, and ſuch a mildneſs of temper and manners, as will preſerve their eſteem and affection, when the groſſer pleaſures are cloyed by poſſeſſion. It is for want of this conſideration, that we but too frequently ſee thoſe who have been united by the moſt warm and paſſionate love, making as un-

happy couples, as thoſe who have been tied together by mercenary chains.

The laſt thing to be conſidered is, whether on their being united, there is a likelihood of being capable of maintaining themſelves, and the probable offſpring of their loves, in ſuch a line of life as both can ſubmit to, without the danger of future, and fruitleſs repinings.

If to all, or any of theſe, impartial reaſon gives a negative anſwer, the ſooner they endeavour to conquer their paſſion the better; a little cold water may extinguiſh a kindling ſpark, but will only add freſh fury to a more eſtabliſhed flame.

NUMBER III.

AFFECTED LANGUAGE.

None are, for being what they are, in fault,
But for not being what they would be thought.
CONGREVE.

As there are ſome follies peculiar to the great, ſo are there ſome abſurdities, to which thoſe of a lower rank, and leſs liberal education are liable, exhibiting oddities of character, which we ſhould ſearch in vain for, in the higher claſs. Such an one is honeſt Will Flighty, who having neither had the advantage of learning, or polite company to refine his language, yet, being deſirous of diſtinguiſhing himſelf from the vulgar, has not only caught up ſome polite phraſes, but whenever he has happened to hear what he thinks a fine word, or met with ſuch in books, (for he reads plays and romances,) he is ſure to introduce it into his diſcourſe the firſt opportunity; by which means he has for-

med ſuch a mixture of fine and coarſe in language, as is truly ridiculous.

Beſides which, Will is not always very happy in the application of his fine words, one newly acquired (like the youngeſt child) is his favourite, and he is ſure to introduce it on every occaſion, whether it is proper or not. Once Will had heard or read of a fair one being called the Paragon of her ſex, but this was too long a ſentence for Will's memory, yet he muſt be playing off what he could of it upon the firſt milk-maid he encountered with, and called her a Hexagon. Betty could not comprehend the meaning of this ſuppoſed fine compliment, ſo applied to her maſter for an explanation, but was ſomewhat mortified to find ſhe had been only called a ſix-ſided thing. Another time Will was told of an elderly gentleman having been viſiting a girl of whom he was enamoured. „He is (cries Will) quite ſuper-„annuated with that wench." I ſuppoſe he meant Infatuated; but his friend only ſmiled, and replied, „why, yes, indeed ſhe has made him an old doting fool a little before his time."

Al-

Although there may not be many ſo very ignorant as to make ſuch groſs blunders as theſe, yet certainly an eaſy unaffected method of expreſſion, either in common diſcourſe, or letter writing, is the moſt graceful and commendable. But I believe this affectation is much more frequent in writing than in converſation; for I have often been ſurpriſed to ſee nonſenſical letters written by well diſcourſed perſons, which I could impute to nothing elſe, but their thinking they ſhould write in a ſtile above what they uſually converſed in, and if in this attempt they were oppreſſed by diffidence, they ſunk into low, or if inflamed by vanity, flew into high bombaſtic nonſenſe. But in letters (whether familiar or on buſineſs) write juſt as you would ſpeak to your correſpondent were he preſent — follow but this rule, and you muſt be dull indeed, if you cannot write ſo as to anſwer every end of common letter writing.

An acquaintance of mine being appointed agent to a company of gentlemen in London, expreſſed ſome diffidence about managing a correſpondence with them:

„When I was a boy, (ſays one of the gentlemen) I held the candle while my father was ſhaved; who bid me hold it ſo that I could ſee the edge of the razor, and then I might be certain the barber would ſee it, thus Mr. T. (added the gentleman) do you write ſo as perfectly to underſtand it yourſelf, and then you need not fear but we ſhall do the ſame."

The paſſion of love, it muſt be confeſſed, naturally inſpires us with ideas no language can fully expreſs, and may be apt to produce a labouring after words adequate to the ſenſations it raiſes; it muſt be owned too, that the fair ſex frequently prefer the ſhowy to the ſolid; ſo that nonſenſe is perhaps more excuſeable in love letters than in any thing beſides.

NUMBER IV.

FALSE GLORY.

Oh! ſure the deadlieſt foe to virtue's flame,
Our worſt of evils is perverted ſhame.
Faith, juſtice, heaven itſelf, now quit their hold,
When to falſe fame the captiv'd heart is ſold.

BROWN.

As man was deſigned for a ſocial being, in order to balance that blind ſelf-love, which muſt otherwiſe have produced endleſs miſchiefs to the community, Heaven has implanted in every breaſt an almoſt irreſiſtible deſire of the applauſe, and dread of the diſapprobation of his fellow creatures. This paſſion is ſo naturally ſtrong, that if it were not perverted by falſe notions of glory and ſhame, there would ſcarce need any other law to reſtrain us from vice and folly; but unhappily that very paſſion, which was meant the friend and ally of virtue, is by the prevalence of that blind monſter, *cuſtom*, become its „deadlieſt foe." Many a young fellow

fellow who is a very Joſeph, in practice, would bluſh to acknowledge that he dreads the ſin of gallantry. There are thouſands who glory in that deceit, which they call *addreſs*, but which in the language of truth ſhould be tranſlated knavery; and how many there are who give up every pretenſion to the character of a *good man*, for the name of a *good fellow*— and what is a *good fellow?* — Why a graceleſs young man, who is addicted to every vice, until by a debauchery and extravagance, which he does not really enjoy, he brings the "grey hairs" of his parents "with ſorrow to the grave;" — this is a *good fellow!* Sometimes in viſiting the hoſpitable manſion of a friend he corrupts the ſon, or debauches the daughter— and yet—he is a *good fellow!* He perhaps marries, but to become fretful and penurious at home, and thoughtleſsly profuſe abroad, diſſipates that which ſhould ſupport his family, returning but to inſult and diſtreſs them; yet he is generous over a bottle—and muſt be a *good fellow!* At laſt his money falls ſhort, and he would borrow of his friends, few will lend, and

thoſe

thoſe few he forgets to pay; till every one avoids him; and he is no longer a welcome viſitor even to mine hoſteſs; for then he is no longer *a good fellow!!!* —

Gripus goes in a thread bare coat, as courſe as it is ragged, his diet is poor and ſcanty, he is as much fretted how to lay out the round hundred ſaved, as many an honeſt man is to find the means of paying the neceſſary expences of his family; he ſuffers every inconvenience of actual penury, for the name of being rich. While on the other hand, Pompillus by keeping up an uneaſy ſhow of grandeur, is every day haſtening into irretrievable poverty, leſt the world ſhould diſcover that he is poor a very little ſooner.

Gibus is careleſs to whom he gives pain, or whom he makes his enemy, ſo fools laugh at, and admire his wit. The common butts of his, and every would-be-witty blockhead's raillery, are the Devil, the Prieſt, and the Fair Sex: as to the firſt, every one ſhould know beſt how free he may ſafely make with his friend, and if in return to their gibes, the old gentleman

"Grins horribly a ghaſtly ſmile,"

I have

I have nothing to ſay to it: but the ſacred function of the clergy ſhould, methinks, exempt them from wanton and general abuſe. — And methinks that ſex which bring us into the world, our painful nurſes in our infancy and ſickneſs, the moſt intimate companions of our lives, are not fit objects for ſenſeleſs raillery.

Boneſus glories not in what comes out of his mouth, but in what it can take in; to ſwallow like a brewer's funnel is his boaſt; to ſtagger over the bacchanalian group, whilſt all his companions are falling on his right and left, is the greateſt triumph of his life. It would be injuſtice to ſay of our Boneſus, (as of his imperial name ſake) "Behold not a man, but "a bottle," he ſhould be held in little leſs eſteem, than a not quite rotten-half barrel; but he never muſt think to equal the glory of an hogſhead.

Libidnio, by hints and whiſpers, ſcandalizes every young woman who is ſo fooliſh as to keep his company; to gain the glorious tittle of "The happy man of gallantry;" yet there are ſome ſagacious people who think his father's ram more

than

than equals him in this ſort of triumph; only old Beardy is not his own trumpeter.

Such abſurd notions of ſhame and glory there are in different breaſts, that Conubus, leſt he ſhould be laughed at as a fond doting huſband, behaves with affected petulance to the lovely and ſenſible wife his heart cannot but approve; as if a generous tenderneſs to her, who has abjured all his ſex for him, was not true gallantry and manlineſs of ſpirit: and Profanio, for the glory of being thought above vulgar prejudice, ridicules every thing ſacred, although (like his old maſter) in his heart he believes "and trembles."

To be regardleſs of the good or bad opinion of our fellow creatures, muſt ſhew either a reprobate determination to vice, or a moroſe pride, which can never enter into the breaſt of a good man: he who avoids not the appearance of evil, although he doth not commit the fact, yet is not free from guilt; for one great miſchief of the crime is, that the bad example has its full force. Where public opinion runs parallel with the line of rectitude, we

ſhould

ſhould let it ſtrengthen us in virtue; in matters of indifference we may allow it the force of a law, but where it runs counter to reaſon and religion, we ſhould ſay (and reſolve) with Lord Townly, (in the Provoked Huſband) "The law of „cuſtom, is the law of fools; but it ſhall „never govern me." And let you and I, gentle reader, never be aſhamed of that in which we ought to glory, or glory in that of which we ought to be aſhamed.

NUMBER

NUMBER V.

MALE-JILTING.

Truſt not a man, we are all by nature falſe,
Diſſembling, ſubtle, cruel and inconſtant:
When a man talks of love, with caution truſt him,
But if he ſwears, he'll certainly deceive thee.

OTWAY.

To the AUTHOR.

SIR,

There are a ſet of idle young fellows in the country, who take a pleaſure in going about, as it were, cheapening one's goods, without ſeeming (by their behaviour at leaſt) to have had any real deſign of being purchaſers; for no ſooner are we likely to cloſe with them, than they ſlip off, and we ſee no more of our chap. If theſe fellows ſee us bargaining with one ſeemingly in earneſt, they will pop in purpoſely to diſappoint the other; ſome of theſe coxcombs not ſcrupling to boaſt how many matches they have broke off;

making it their pride and pleaſure, without ever reflecting on the injury done to us, who deal in what is periſhable, and if not diſpoſed of when in bloom, generally lies uſeleſs upon our hands.

Now let me aſk, do not ſuch men act a ridiculous, mean and villainous part? and if it be, in what is of much greater conſequence to the happineſs of life, than any goods of fortune, even our hands, our hearts, our perſons, does it not greatly enhance their guilt? As I have been deceived into the thirtieth year of my virginity by ſuch raſcals, I think I may very properly ſubſcribe myſelf, your ill uſed,

Humble Servant,

DIANA DUPE.

The complaint of my correſpondent is certainly very well founded, and her repreſentation of it very juſt; does it leſſen his guilt, that the delinquent impoſes upon one to whom he profeſſes the greateſt kindneſs, one who has a real affection for him, and firm reliance on his honor? or does it leſſen his crime, that he is no gai-

ner

ner by his perfidy, but that he plunges a kind unſuſpecting creature into all the miſery of diſappointed love, without any rational ſatisfaction to himſelf?

And yet it is but too coſtumary for a young man to form a connection of ſeeming love and courtſhip with ſome agreeable girl, without the leaſt intention of any thing ſerious; and while he keeps clear of direct promiſes of marriage, imagines he may at any time drop her without deſerving the imputation of guilt; although he has made uſe of every inſinuation, of long and inceſſant attentions, to make her think ſhe was the only object of his affection.

It is ſo natural for a man to love, that every one knows how to act it to the life; and what we wiſh we are eaſily perſuaded to believe; what wonder then if the kind hearted maiden gives up her affections to one ſhe fondly believes is ſeeking the moſt tender and laſting union with her; unſuſpecting innocence, generous gratitude (the moſt noble and virtuous paſſions of the ſoul) help to lead her into the ſnare; nay perhaps the very dubiouſneſs of his

conduct, by agitating her ſoft boſom with mingled hopes and fears, help to accelerate his conqueſt. And then the poor deluded damſel finds herſelf miſerably diſappointed; although uſed with the greateſt perfidy, ſhe is deprived of the firſt conſolation of grief, the liberty of complaining; for the world is ſo abſurdly unjuſt, that inſtead of pitying, it will laugh at her, and undervalue the poor wretch for having been deceived; ſhe muſt not tell her love,

"But let concealment, like a worm in the bud,
"Prey on her damaſk cheek,"

Brooding melancholy, perhaps, breaks her conſtitution, or diſorders her intellects; perhaps in grief and deſpair ſhe throws herſelf into the arms of one ſhe deſpiſes, and is for life miſerable: a wife, without affection, or (though naturally kind and ſincere) irritated by having been the dupe of deceit, ſhe becomes diſtruſtful, incapable of generous love, an artful and unfeeling jilt.

Yet I mean not to recommend it to any man, that he ſhould entirely neglect the company of the fair ſex, until he thinks

of

of marrying, or that he ſhould totally neglect all others except her he ſeeks for his wife. The company of virtuous and accompliſhed women, gives a poliſh to the manners, a livelineſs to the ſpirits, and a delicate diſtaſte to lewdneſs and vice; "we ſhould be brutes without them." But no one ſhould put on the appearance of a particular attachment, without ſerious, and honorable intentions.

Neither ſhould it be inſinuated, that if a man once commences the wooer, he binds himſelf in honor to perſevere in his ſuit, until he has either gained her hand, or is convinced it is not in his power to win her, with whatever ill uſage he may meet; or whatever diſcovery of the demerits of his miſtreſs a more intimate acquaintance may furniſh him with. The ſweet creatures muſt be allowed their little flouncings, their bridlings, and toſſings of the head; but yet they ſhould conſider a man of any ſpirit will neither be their ſlave before, nor their tyrant after marriage. And then certainly an union which may likely confine a man for life, ſhould not be entered into without ſome conſide-

ration; he may ſee ſufficient reaſon for diſapproving of a woman when intimately acquainted, who, when viewed more at a diſtance, appeared every way amiable. But then it ſhould not be every ſlight failing, every little foible to which her tender ſex are liable, that ſhould make him abandon her: nor (however much wealth may be allowed to influence him in beginning a ſuit) ought the want of it to excuſe a man's abandoning his miſtreſs, unleſs he has been purpoſely and artfully deceived? He who is ſo prudently fooliſh as to prefer wealth to happineſs, has my free conſent to chooſe where he pleaſes; but I cannot allow him to practiſe deceit, or make a jeſt of an amiable young woman, only becauſe ſhe has the misfortune to be poor.

But if juſt reaſons, or cruel neceſſity, compels a man to abandon his miſtreſs, he ſhould certainly do it with the greateſt delicacy, ſo that it may as little as poſſible hurt the young woman's reputation, or her peace of mind. He ſhould not only (as much as he can) give her the honor of refuſal in the eye of the world, but if

in his power, (and a little manœuvreing may ſometimes do it) leave her to imagine, he himſelf knew not that he could have ſucceeded; for a man's knowing a woman's affections in his favour, is the greateſt mortification to her; to have the honor of refuſing by gratifying her vanity, will make her ſome ſlight amends for the loſs of a lover. But chiefly obſerve this, if your intimacy with her has made you acquainted with any ſecret failing, carefully conceal it; never boaſt of any favour, yet always ſpeak of her with kindneſs and reſpect.

NUMBER VI.

GALLANTRY REWARDED.

Why ſo pale and wan, fond lover,
Prithee why ſo pale?
Will (when looking well can't move her)
Looking ill prevail?

SUCKLING.

Women, (ſays a ſententious friend of mine) *as naturally like impudence in men, as men love modeſty in women: the fair ſex, however, act the more wiſely of the two; they cheriſh and reward that impudence they love; but man, fooliſh man! is ever labouring to deſtroy that modeſty which he admires.* It is certain, nothing can be more prejudicial to a man in his addreſſes to the fair ſex, than a ſheepiſh baſhfulneſs of behaviour:

For woman born to be controul'd,
Stoop to the forward and the bold.

But there are certain extraneous powers which ſome men have the happineſs to poſſeſs, ſufficient to make amends for all other

other defects: gold, lands and tenements, give such graces to the owner's person, such an elegance to his manners, that they supply the want of every genteel accomplishment, and make him at once so complete an adept in the art of courtship, that nothing can possibly come in competition with him, unless it be—the virtues of a libertine, or—the graces of a coxcomb.

Think not, you wild rakes, long to enjoy your liberty; nor ye ruiners of virgins to escape with impunity, when so many bright eyes are seeking to enthral ye! — *Is there not, my pretty dears, something in the sweet dangerous man more bewitchingly charming?* And then to see— *the man whom others sigh for, sigh for me!* — *Is not that delicious?* — For, as the Indian thinks he has gained the honour of so many victories, as he who is slain by him in battle has killed men, so do women imagine their triumph of chastity is the greater, as he they lead captive to church, has oftener triumphed over the innocence of others. Is it that they think their own purity never established, until they have undergone a fiery ordeal? And to let us

ſee they can walk ſafe among red-hot ploughſhares? Nay rather, it is kindneſs to the reſt of their ſex: they wiſh to ſecure the dear deluding man from doing further miſchief; ſure it is for this generous purpoſe, you lovely heroines! — Although you ſee virtue falling at his touch, and reputations dying on his tongue, you fearleſs meet the danger; for this, you charming martyrs, you ſuffer worſe than death; you become the comfortleſs neglected wiſes of libertines!

But pray what is the fluttering coxcomb's charms? Do not you ſee how paſſionate an admirer the poor man is of his own dear ſelf; and how can you, ye hard-hearted damſels, think of being his rivals? Why ſo very ambitious of the ſecond place in his affections? When I can aſſure you, my dear girls, that one who is ſo very much in love with himſelf, will never be very much in love with you. But then he is ſo ſweet a fellow, ſo careleſsly gay in his dreſs, ſo affectedly eaſy in his gait, ſo archly thoughtleſs in his grin, ſo ſoftly impudent in his addreſs;

„Then

„Then he will talk, ye gods, how he will talk!"

Ye fair terreſtrial nymphs, ye celeſtial votaries, ſay what delights your ears? Is it that ſmall, very ſmall talk, ſo free from the burthen of ſenſe or meaning? Or is it ſcandal, is it ſome ſlight reflection on a fair neighbour's perſon or behaviour, that make your bright eyes ſparkle with delight, when lies and vows, and flattery fails to pleaſe you?

Nothing is ſo prejudicial to a man in courtſhip, as his being too fond a lover; for he who behaves with graceful eaſe, is gay, facetious, and agreeable in the company of other women, appears dull and ſtupid to her he loves. There is an awe hangs upon him, and deadens his ſpirits; his air and manner is confuſed; he would ſpeak, but ſays nothing; his words faulter on his tongue; he is a mere thermometer to his miſtreſs; his ſpirits riſe and fall juſt as ſhe ſmiles or frowns. He is an inſipid creature, and therefore unfit to baniſh ſpleen; ſo that ſhe flies to the gay thoughtleſs coxcomb for relief; who, wanting ſenſe to be the fool of love, appears to her by far the cleverer fellow.

Then

Then if you warmly love, conceal your fondneſs; be not too forward with an open declaration; let her rather expect than be certain, it will rouſe her feelings, and enable you to compleat an half-made conqueſt. When ſhe is kind, purſue her with every fond regard; when ſhe is cold, be you careleſs: never let her find ſhe can diſtreſs you, leſt the lovely tyrant full often uſe her power; nay if you ſee ſhe takes a particular delight in plagueing you, your hopes need not be worſe. Never put too grave a face upon the matter; they like to be bubbled into a connection the moſt ſerious. Never regard the pretty fibbing tongue, but mark the honeſt-ſpeaking eyes; if they kindly glance, whatever ſhe may ſay, deſpair not. If you can read nothing even there, but cold diſguſt, thou muſt even comfort thyſelf with the old ſong,

„If ſhe will not do,
„There are laſſes enow."

Apply yourſelf to the next pretty girl which falls in your way, and ten to one ſhe is not ſo cruel.

But

But ſhe alone can charm your fancy. What is there, then, in this nonpareil ſo particularly infatuating? — Imprimis, a pair of bright eyes — which when ſhe is in a pouting fit, will paint ill-nature in her face more ſpeakingly diſagreeable: item, the roſes of her cheek — perhaps the gaudy covering of a crabbed thorn: item, her pretty pouting lips — and yet, perhaps, that pretty mouth can ſcold. But then the beauties of her mind, her good ſenſe, and the virtues of her heart — why theſe I own are ſome conſiderations for which a ſenſible man may regret his not having been able to pleaſe a truly worthy woman; but becauſe ſuch a woman can find one ſhe thinks more deſerving than you, ought you to make yourſelf unhappy? Her virtues entitle her to your eſteem, her civility to your good wiſhes, but *love only* has a claim to *love;* where that paſſion meets not with a mutual return, it ought, it muſt be conquered. Yet the truly generous mind which has once loved, will ever retain a peculiar friendſhip for the object.

„Mourn when ſhe mourns and ſmile when ſhe is gay."

But if thy happier ſtars, (I mean the nymph's bright eyes) yield better omens; if when thou holdeſt her hand in gentle preſſure, and eyeſt her with looks confuſedly importunate, as meaning to ſpeak out the purpoſe of thy ſoul, ſhe ſtands with down caſt eyes, yet ſoftly ſtealing forth the trembling glance, while the glowing bluſh now fluſhes over her lovely face, now vaniſhes and leaves a languid paleneſs; then whiſper out thy tender wiſhes. She will ſtill, perhaps, be coy; yet although half repulſed, do not deſpair, but with ſoft aſſurances, and fervent vows, urge the ſhy ſecret from her ſmarting breaſt, until the ſoft confeſſion faulters on her tongue.

Then, pleaſed with thy conſcious triumph in her heart, let no babbling boaſt, or fooliſh public freedom, betray it to the world; nor do thou ever return her love and confidence with coldneſs and neglect. Nor prematurely ſeek to crop the yet forbidden fruit; ſo ſhall new fledged deſire, ſoft blooming innocence, and unſuſpected honor,

honor, ſwell the full rapture of the bridal bed, and promiſe ſolid happineſs for future days.

NUMBER VII.

GHOSTS AND WITCHES.

What there's in ſpells, or if there witches be,
Such whimſies ſeem the moſt abſurd to me.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

To the REFLECTOR.

SIR,

Being at a neighbour's houſe laſt evening, in company with ſeveral young people, our diſcourſe happened to turn on ghoſts, witches, and ſpirits, until we were all ſufficiently frightened, except one young fellow, who did nothing but ſneer at our diſcourſe; of which, when we aſked the reaſon, he could only tell us, in a blunt, unmannerly way, *that none except ignorant fools and blockheads believed any ſuch things*, without giving a bet-

a better reaſon for his unbelief, than we could for our faith. Now, Sir, your opinion on theſe matters would oblige all the company, as well as your humble ſervant,

PETER PLAINSENSE.

I muſt confeſs my correſpondent and his friends, had ſome reaſon to be offended at the behaviour of their companion; it ſhewed much of overbearing pride, and to me it is a full proof of his ignorance; little minds, which have got ſome ſmall matter, but think they have acquired a vaſt fund of knowledge, are often dogmatically poſitive in their opinions, in proportion as they are ignorant of the reaſons on which they are founded.

For my part, I have little faith either in ghoſts or witches; yet (merely becauſe they do not coincide with our general notions) to contradict ſtories which people pretend to have had, either from their own perception, or from the relations of thoſe they moſt incline to credit, whoſe memories they have a juſt and natural veneration for, will rather ſerve to offend, than convince. I ſhall, therefore, ſee if I

cannot

cannot cure honeſt people of their ſuperſtitious fears, without making either fools or liars of their grandmothers.

Mr. Locke juſtly remarks, that if an ignorant old woman has infuſed into a man's head (during his childhood) ideas of ghoſts or ſpirits, he will ever after be ready to ſtart at his own ſhadow: and how powerful a painter the imagination is, we all of us know; in dreams, we ſee, we hear, we feel, and yet all this is merely imaginary. Can it then be any way ſtrange, if the ſudden qualms of a mind filled with ſuperſtitious fears, perhaps agitated with all the horrors of a guilty conſcience, ſhould preſent to itſelf a dreadful ſupernatural appearance? And then if ſuch a ſtory once get wind, a like ſuperſtitious dread will make others imagine they ſee or hear ſomething of the ſame kind, in the ſame place. Such is the origin of all ſtories concerning places being haunted by ſpirits.

Even in the caſe of the ſpirit which the witch of Endor raiſed for Saul, I do not ſee there is occaſion to ſuppoſe that the ſoul of the departed ſervant of the Lord,

ſhould be under the diabolical influence of the imps of hell, ſo as to prevent the viſion, and give the anſwer to Saul; it was only neceſſary for the infernal power to work upon the diſtempered imagination of him who, having loſt his confidence in God, was given up to its baneful influence.

What power imaginary fear may have over our waking ſenſes, I can inſtance from my own experience. I was late one evening (when a boy) in a lone room, when a perſon diſordered in his ſenſes came in. Although much terrified at his appearance, I had heart enough to hide my fears, and to decoy him to where ſome men were at work; then I returned and locked myſelf in my apartment, but durſt not keep my eyes off the door, for fear he ſhould come back and attempt to break in. My fears made me fancy I heard him come, I clapped my ſhoulder againſt the door to keep him out. — I thought I felt him thruſt againſt it; the lock and the hinges ſeemed every moment to give way — in this condition I ſtood (like a bold fellow) ſweating, trembling,

bling, and thruſting for ſeveral minutes, when hearing the chearful voice of one of the workmen coming to the door, I opened it, and found there had been none there before him. Now might not the ſame degree of fear, if of that kind, have made me fancy I had ſeen a ſpirit?

As to witchcraft,— we are told by the fathers of the church that the oracles ceaſed to anſwer the interrogatories of their heathen votaries on the promulgation of the goſpel; now if theſe oracles were (as the fathers ſuppoſed) under the direction of devils, with them all ſorts of ſorcery muſt have ceaſed. But whether this was the caſe, or they were only the tricks of pagan prieſthood, all ſtories we have of modern witchcraft, are too abſurd to deſerve the leaſt credit. Can we believe that wretches who have given themſelves up to the direction of ſuch a malignant being as we ſuppoſe Satan is, would amuſe themſelves with ſuch harmleſs fooleries as riding on a broom in the air, ſwimming through the ſea in an eggſhell, leading a pack of hounds a wild chaſe in the ſhape of an hare, or even the rendering abortive

the mechanical operations of a good woman's churn. There are phyſical reaſons enough, why a child may loſe its health and pine away, without imputing it to ſorcery. It is repugnant both to natural reaſon and to revelation to believe the devil can have any power over our bodies; it is on our paſſions, our luſts and appetites that he plays his witchcraft and while we can keep theſe in due ſubjection, we need not fear all the machinations of hell.

Equally abſurd, and repugnant both to truth and reaſon, are all ſtories of conjurers, wiſemen, (as they are called) fortune-tellers, and ſuch like. If ſuperſtition in ſome caſes makes Satan too powerful, in others it ſuppoſes him too weak. Can we believe, that he who made war in heaven, may be impriſoned in a circle, or lie under the controul of a conjurer's wand? There can be no magical myſtery in figures; learning may ſtrengthen the hands of the artiſt by teaching the uſe of mechanical powers; it may direct the fires of the chemiſt, ſo as to vary the forms and proportions of matter, but has of itſelf no corporeal much leſs ſupernatural force.

Learn-

Learning may teach us to calculate the periods of planetary motion, it may teach us to discover the general influence of the heavens on this our globe; but can never teach us to read any thing concerning the fate of the inhabitants upon its surface. Equally absurd is every other pretence of fortune telling; for how can the turning of a riddle, or the drawing of a card, foretel the hidden ways of Providence; or how can a person who has neither tongue to enquire, or ears to hear, gain greater knowledge, than those who have every faculty for acquiring information.

But after all, I am like to fail in convincing the ignorant, while the more enlightened will laugh at me, for writing so seriously upon so trite a subject. My correspondent may assure himself that while he keeps his mind free from superstitious fears, he will never be haunted by spirits: the best way to secure good fortune is to be prudent and honest: and as for witches, although they used to be sought for among the old and wrinkled, they are now to be found only among the young and beautiful part of the fema-

le ſex, at leaſt I never perceived myſelf in the leaſt danger of being bewitched by old women, but have often found a very powerful ſorcery in the faſcinating eyes of their daughters.

NUMBER VIII.

LITERARY PURSUITS.

A little learning is a dangerous thing,
Drink deep, or taſte not the Pierian ſpring;
There ſhallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
But drinking largely ſobers us again.

POPE.

In my laſt paper I remarked, that people were generally poſitive in their opinions, when their minds were naturally little, and their acquired knowledge ſmall.

A few rules drawn from common ſenſe, might enable ſuch of us, as have been led by natural inclination to take a *ſhallow draught*, and have not had opportunity to *drink deep* of this *Pierian ſpring*, to avoid that intoxication which is indeed

too

too frequently the conſequence of it. The two great dangers attending people in the lower ranks of life giving way to a literary inclination is, that it may occaſion them to be pedantic in converſation, as they have not leiſure to digeſt their reading well; and that it may take their attention from, and make them negligent in their proper employments, by engroſſing too much of their time and thoughts.

Talking much of what we have read, (as Scheffield, Duke of Buckingham, remarks) is juſt ſuch a proof of learning as vomiting is of eating; being at once diſagreeable, and ſhewing a want of digeſtion. It is Mr. Addiſon's advice even to thoſe who are eminent in any ſcience, to be cautious of talking too much of it; as they may happen in the heat of diſcourſe to make miſtakes, and thereby leſſen that credit, which by a prudent reſerve they might ſecure, or even enhance: how much more then ought we to be careful not to ſpeak too much of that of which we have but a ſmatteriug. To diſcourſe of nothing but books and literary ſubjects to thoſe who are ignorant of, or have no taſte for

them, is full as abſurd as for a ruſtic to deafen a polite company with a hiſtory of cow-pens and hogſtyes. He muſt be very conceited, or very dull, who cannot join (by way of enquiry at leaſt) in any ordinary converſation which may ſuit the circle he happens to be in. And even when we meet with thoſe of the ſame taſte with ourſelves, we ſhould be cautious and modeſt in our diſcourſe; rather ſeeking to gain information, than to ſet our own opinions in oppoſition to thoſe of others; or we ſhall, inſtead of getting that applauſe our little knowledge might have gained us, be deſpiſed for thinking we know more than we really do; it being the nature of vanity to rob thoſe in whoſe breaſts it reigns, of the merit of thoſe good qualities, which might otherwiſe have gained them the approbation of the world.

With regard to the ſecond apprehended danger, thus far muſt be certain, every human capacity is finite; and if we give our whole attention to this, or any one object, every thing beſides muſt of courſe be neglected; but it is to the full as great

a certainly, that the mind, no more than the body, can be confined conſtantly to buſineſs; for, like a bow continually bent, it muſt loſe its force and elaſticity.

If we take theſe cautions along with us, inſtead of being prejudicial, a literary inclination may be ſerviceable to every rank of life, as contributing to happineſs, to improve the underſtanding, and mend the heart. A man of learning, (it is true) may be a fool or a libertine, but I am certain his being ſo, is no way owing to his literary turn, but rather the contrary; it is in the field of pleaſure that he loſes that generous principles, which he muſt have imbibed from education.

Yet I have heard it aſſerted, that ſuch a part of the people as are deſtined to labour, ſhould be kept in ignorance; becauſe learning, by making them acquainted with a better ſtate of life, would make them diſcontented with their humble and toilſome ſituation. Lewd or immoral books are certainly pernicious to any reader; but how any branch of ſcience can have any bad effect, I know not: it can-

not be that religion or moral philoſophy can conduce to wretchedneſs, for they teach humility, and tell us how equally in every ſtation mankind may be happy: it cannot be but natural philoſophy muſt deſtroy the little diſtinctions of human grandeur, in contemplations of the boundleſs works of the great Creator: it cannot be but hiſtory muſt teach us how much more freedom, independence, and plenty, a peaſant, a labourer enjoys at this day in Britain, than in any other nation which either does, or ever did exiſt in the world.

However, the vicious mind may draw freſh incentives to wickedneſs from the moſt naturally innocent ſource, believe me (my honeſt neighbours) he makes a very falſe, nay a very bad application of his reading, when it contributes not to make him more wiſe, and more virtuous; and it is certainly the greateſt proof of both to be contented with our condition, and *diligently endeavour to do our duty in that ſtate of life unto which it ſhall pleaſe God to call us.*

NUM-

NUMBER IX.

STUDY RECOMMENDED.

Reading ſuch books will raiſe a peaſant's mind
Above a lord's, who is not thus inclin'd.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

To the REFLECTOR.

SIR,

I like your paper about reading and all that: and I have a lad of twelve years old who is always reading when he has time from driving the plough; he is indeed a prodigious lad, he can tell all about Jack the merry piper, and that great champion Jack the giant-killer off by heart. I have lately bought him two fine bound books called the Seven Champions, and the Seven Wiſe Maſters; and now I hear the bookſeller in our next market town lets out books to read at three halfpence a piece, and Georgy would fain have ſome of them, ſo would be very much obliged to you for telling me what ſort of books to get him,

him, for no man knows leſs of theſe things, than

HODGE HONESTY.

I ſhall certainly be very ready to give my friend Hodge the beſt advice, ſo (along with this paper) ſhall leave him our book-ſeller's catalogue, with ſuch books marked as I think may beſt ſuit his ſon, and give as this week's lucubration ſome general remarks on what ſort of reading is moſt proper for perſons in the lower ranks of life, who have not the opportunity of a compleat regular education. With ſome deference I would affirm, that ſuch boys as are not intended for compleat Latin ſcholars, might make better uſe of the little time they have to ſpare (after learning to write and caſt up accounts) than to employ it in conning over and getting by heart a jargon of baſely articulate ſounds, they do not, nor ever are to underſtand the meaning of, ſo that when taken from ſchool and ſet to buſineſs, they fairly loſe in two months all they have been learning in ſo many years; whereas if they had been taught the grammatic rules and idioms

of

of their mother tongue, and then been ſet to read beſt Engliſh authors, they might not only have learned to ſpeak and write as correctly, but have laid in ſuch a fund of knowledge as might have been both uſeful and ornamental to them through the whole of their lives.

In ſpeaking of what ſort of books I would adviſe the reading of, nothing ſhall be ſaid of ſuch ſtudies as may ſuit perſons in particular employments, in different branches of the mathematics, for mechanics, ſeamen &c. every one ſhould certainly improve himſelf in any ſcience which may add to his profeſſional abilities in preference to every other. Neither will I ſay much of that ſtudy which every one certainly knows to be the general duty of all; but only adviſe the ſeeking for religious knowledge in its pure, untainted ſource, the holy ſcriptures, avoiding the miſts raiſed by polemical writers: nor ſhould other religious books be neglected, which tend to warm devotion and an improvement of morals, not bewildering the mind in theological diſputes. But (particularly) I would recommend the not reading

ing any book which can have the leaſt tendency to weaken our religious faith; for although ſuch are I believe in very little danger of leading real learning and ſound judgment aſtray, yet they may hurt the weaker and more ignorant.

There are no books I would have earlier read than the Spectators, Ramblers, and other miſcellaneous eſſays of that kind, as they are an agreeable introduction to every ſort of taſte and literature. Geography and hiſtory are neceſſary ſtudies, as without ſome little knowledge of theſe, we cannot know any thing of the world. A ſmattering of the other ſciences, and ſome acquaintance with the poets, noveliſts and writers in the field of fancy will be at once amuſing, and give an elegance to our thoughts and converſation: yet I would have young people beware of ſtuffing their heads too much with romances, from which they can acquire no real knowledge, but which often tend to corrupt the morals and miſlead the heart.

But no ſtudy will raiſe our ideas of the Almighty ſo much as natural hiſtory: there is this great difference between his works

works and thoſe of man, that what in the latter ſeems moſt great and ſurpriſing, when we come to look into the manner of its formation, our admiration is leſſened: but the more minutely we obſerve the works of Omnipotence, the more aſtoniſhing they appear. If we conſider the vaſt orbits round which the planets perform their revolutions with a mathematical exactneſs; and the number and diſtance of the fixed ſtars, every one of which may perhaps be a ſun ſurrounded with planetary worlds; and then examine the minuter marks of his wiſdom, in the well-adapted parts of the ſmalleſt inſect; how muſt we be aſtoniſhed at the boundleſs extent, variety and wiſdom of his works!

But we need go no further than our own perſons for marks of his power and wiſdom: the ſupporting bones which give form and ſtrength to the body; the cord-like tendons and ſwelling muſcles, which move the limbs in obedience to the will; the digeſtive ſtomach, which diſſolves the aliments to repleniſh the blood with milky chyle; the glands which ſeparate the different humours; the pulſitive heart which

circula-

circulates the repairing blood through every part of our waſting frame: can ſuch conſiderations as theſe, fail to raiſe our reverence for him, in whoſe hands we are *but as a piece of potter's clay.*

NUMBER X.

FLIRTILLA.

One lover to another ſtill ſucceeds,
Another, and another after that,
And the laſt fool is welcome as the former.
ROWE.

To the AUTHOR.

SIR,

As I am one of your country youths of with and pleaſure, who never miſs any rural aſſembly of the young and gay, it gives me frequent cauſe of regret, to ſee thoſe pretty damſels, who moſt enliven theſe ſcenes, ſo early in life caught in the matrimonial trap. Among the great, where mar-

marriage rather gives a wider latitude to pleaſure and gallantry than reſtrains it, wedlock may be deſirable; but with us ruſtics who have not yet arrived at that degree of refinement, it is downright burying a ſprightly young girl alive, to confine her to the dull careſſes of a ſober huſband, and the nurſing of ſqualling brats; it is making her anſwer no other end in life, but that for which ſhe was made. Now, Sir, if you could teach our pretty girls how to eſcape thoſe hymeneal ſhackles, you would do a great kindneſs to them, and oblige your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

DAVID DANCEABOUT.

In order to ſatisfy my friend David, I muſt recommend to my fair pupils, as a pattern, the conduct of an animal, which (as we are told in the fable) being hunted, on account of a certain part about it valuable in medicine, bit it off, and thus eſcaped the danger of a further purſuit. So let us conſider what qualities it is in our fair female game, which makes them ſeem moſt tempting to thoſe keen poachers, the

wife ſeekers; theſe we ſhall conſider in this order, *portion*, *perſonal beauty*, and *virtuous reputation*; and then endeavour to teach them how to make the firſt look as little as poſſible, to render the ſecond, inſtead of endangering their celibacy, the very means of preſerving it, and then ſhow them how to get fairly clear of the laſt, without either the ſin, or the pleaſure of breaking a commandment.

We need but enquire, what it is which procures women (emphatically) the name of *a fortune*; if his grace gives Lady Margaret only a couple of thouſands, it is thought but a poor portion; but if honeſt Roger (his tenant) gives his plain Peggy a couple of hundreds, her's will be accounted a good one: the fame of a female's portion depends entirely upon a compariſon of it with her rank in life; and all a young woman has to do, is in dreſs and ſhow to ſet herſelf above her level, and malice will whiſper in every circle, *ſhe is not what ſhe ſeems to be!* —

Budding beauty naturally procures followers, and all the fair-one has to do, is

to

to encourage every one who deſires it to dangle after her, and ſhe will quickly find, that no man will ſet any great value on what every one can obtain.

This will likewiſe be the means to eaſe her of reputation, and in order to facilitate this, I would adviſe her not to be too regular in her hours; and if there is any young fellow, who has the name of being very kind to girls in private, ſhe ſhould keep much of his company, and ſeem very gracious to him. But mark the conduct of the ſage Flirtilla, who, although poſſeſſed of every accompliſhment to pleaſe the eye, or gain the heart of man, has ſeen every homelier neighbour, of her age, led captive from the church to bed; while ſhe, although from fifteen up to forty, continually followed by a train of ſeeming lovers, has ſo dexterouſly contrived, as very ſeldom to be put to the trouble of giving a refuſal.

Flirtilla was the only daughter of a ſubſtantial yeoman, who left her to the care of a more kind than prudent mother, before ſhe was quite fifteen. Her wit and beauty, and (perhaps more) her por-

tion, drew the attention of all the young fellows in her neighbourhood, ſo that ſhe had crowds of lovers, and although the good old woman adviſed her daughter not to marry until a better match offered, yet ſhe was almoſt as proud as the girl herſelf, of the ſeeming triumph of her charms. Thus encouraged in her coquetry, ſhe gave almoſt equal countenance to every one; and in order to enhance her triumphs, dreſſed with the greateſt gaiety, was the firſt to catch every new faſhion, and never miſſed any public opportunity of ſhowing herſelf: wherever *the light heeled dancers beat the ground*, there was the Fidler and Flirtilla. She was the firſt at every public place, except the church, which although ſhe ſeldom miſſed, ſhe always took care to come in with the laſt, to catch the more admirers, as ſhe tripped along the aiſle.

Thus Flirtilla became a kind of bow of Ulyſſes, on which every gay young fellow tried his ſkill in courtſhip and gallantry; yet although young women of her light and airy character have the moſt followers, they have generally the feweſt

real

real offers of marriage; the very men who dangle after them moſt eagerly, will often apply to another ſort of women, when they wiſh for a ſerious connection. Her habitual coquetry, her giddineſs and fickle temper, the vanity of her numerous followers, and the malice of her more neglected neighbours, conſpired to ruin her reputation, and ſoon diſguſted every man who might have been a real lover, except one, whoſe affection (more obſtinate than common) had well nigh won the prize.

This youth had ſo far prevailed, as to have leave to conſult his friends, previous to his ſpeaking to her mother, and anxious was ſhe to have it finally determined, yet when he came eager to give her the moſt pleaſing intelligence, ſhe was engaged tête a tête with another—whom ſhe had only ſeen twice before; and I muſt leave it to my young female readers to determine, whether it was the ſweet pleaſure of coqueting with the ſtranger, or the more dear delight of tormenting one whom ſhe knew really loved her, which made her refuſe when ſent for to come to him.

One unverſed in the anatomy of a giddy female mind, might think ſhe liked this new lover, or loved not the old one; but it was no ſuch thing. The lady (in the fable) who had been changed from a cat into a bride, might like her man well enough, yet when ſhe heard the mouſe behind the arras, could not help leaping from his arms to catch it: now coqueting was as natural to Flirtilla, as mouſing was to Æſop's lady, and ſhe could no more reſiſt it. So when he had waited two or three hours in vain, the youth went away, leaving the following card for his miſtreſs:

The woman whoſe heart is incapable of a ſtead and generous attachment, although ſhe may be followed by one ſet of men to paſs away time; and by another ſort, who want to take advantage of ſome favorable turn of her paſſions, to gratify their temporary deſires; yet ſhe will ſcarce be able to fix any one's affections ſo deeply as to gain him for a huſband. —

His prediction has proved true; ſtill with all the affected levity of a girl of nineteen,

neteen, with nothing old fashioned about her, except her face, this discontented ghost of departed beauty haunts every public place, and for those neglects, she now too frequently meets with, is as angry

"As ancient maidens when refus'd a kiss."

NUMBER XII.

FEMALE PRUDENCE.

——————For men of sense,
Your brightest charms are native innocence.
Arts on the mind, like paint upon the face,
Fright him that's worth your love from your embrace.
In simple manners the whole secret lies:
Be kind and virtuous, you'll be blest and wise.

YOUNG.

Women in affairs of love may be compared to spiders, who spread their flimsy webs about them, and sit watching in the middle, while the giddy flies are buzzing round, until they see one entangled in

their net, then they ſecure their prey; or rather, they are like angler's flies, that ſkip or glide along the ſtream, the fiſh purſues the glittering bait, which ſeems to fly their fond purſuit, until one of them catches it, and finds a hook faſt in his throat. I think, indeed, very kindly of the pretty creatures, believe them all generous and ſincere, until having experienced the deceitfulneſs of our ſex, they imagine themſelves bound in Prudence, to

"Wear armour in a land of Hector's;"

ſo learn to practiſe thoſe arts upon us, which otherwiſe they never would have thought of.

Although the fair ſex ſhould not too ſoon give credit to the flattering inſinuations, over even promiſes of men, but keep their own ſentiments carefully to themſelves, until they are fully convinced of a lover's ſincerity; yet except negative ones, all other arts will rather diſguſt than gain a man of common penetration. But obſerve the different conduct of Artimiſia and Prudentia, and which ever of their methods

methods my fair readers moſt approve, let them endeavour to imitate.

Artimiſia is the daughter of an honeſt and induſtrious farmer, one who always thought his affairs happily ſituated,

"When one year paid another's rent."

She promiſed from infancy a lively wit, a beautiful perſon, and a graceful air, which raiſed ambitious thoughts in her fond parents; ſo that (although frugal in every thing beſides) they were profuſe, both in her education, and in dreſſing her out, when they thought her fit for the market, hoping (as they did not ſcruple to tell her) ſhe would get ſome rich man for her huſband.

Her gay appearance, with her wit and beauty, drew her more and genteeler followers than any of her neighbours could boaſt of; but although many ſuch will be willing to toy away vacant hours with an agreeable ſhowy girl, yet few are to be caught by thoſe who are much their inferiors in point of rank or opulence. Indeed there cannot be a more dangerous idea infuſed into the breaſt of a young

woman, than that ſhe is to make her fortune by marriage. No gameſter plays againſt ſuch great odds as a female fortune hunter; her chance of winning is but very ſmall, and if ſhe plays a ſaving game to her virtue, her reputation almoſt always goes to pay the reckoning. I believe the leſs young women are buſied in a preparation for wedlock, the more likely they are to ſucceed in it; men are vain creatures, and fain would think the fair one yields with ſome reluctance; but ſhe whoſe eye is always on the watch to find a chap, can ſcarce conceal her ſecret wiſhes, and thus it was with Artimiſia: ſhe was too anxious to bring her great object (marrying well) to bear, not to ſhew ſo much of art as to diſguſt her lovers; beſides, ſhe could never think of wanting the ſecurity of two ſtrings to a bow, which in love affairs moſtly ends in loſing both.

Artimiſia's lover's, after following her a while, ſtill dropped off, which ſhe bore with great philoſophy, while ſhe had but a new one to ſupply the place: but could not entertain ſuch a variety of company,

pany, without ſome ſlur being caſt (perhaps unjuſtly) upon her character; which, with her vanity, and being thought too much of the fine lady, prevented ſuch as were her equals from ſeeking her hand. So that (much contrary to her inclination) ſhe is, and I doubt muſt continue, upon the liſt of antiquated maidens.

Prudentia, in point of circumſtance, was in a ſimilar condition with Artimiſia, but had neither her flow of wit, or gracefulneſs of perſon; yet although not ſo much followed, or admired, met with much more general eſteem. She was rather in her face and perſon agreeable, than either beautiful or genteel; but ſhe had a modeſt ſweetneſs of countenance, mixed with an eaſy dignity of air, which, while it excited kindneſs, commanded reſpect. Although ſhe had no ſuch ſhowy followers as Artimiſia, almoſt every young man of her own rank who knew her, looked upon her as one perfectly fitted to make a man happy: and while ſhe behaved with ſuch general ſweetneſs, as to keep quite free from the imputation of pride; there was ſomething of a modeſt dignity in her,

that

that every one durſt not approach her with the language of love.

To thoſe who paid their addreſſes to Prudentia, ſhe behaved with an eaſy diſtant freedom, until ſhe believed them in earneſt, and then aſſumed no ſcornful airs, but gave them an opportunity to ſpeak their minds, told them her ſentiments freely, but in ſo polite and friendly a way, that no lover ſhe rejected could be offended, but was ever after her friend and admirer. By this means, as her love affairs were ſeldom of long continuance, few knew that ſhe had more real offers of marriage than any youg woman of her neighbourhood.

But yet the wiſe and virtuous conduct of Prudentia could not guard her from the misfortune of diſappointments, or from experiencing the perfidy of man! The young, the gay, and rich Florimus, caſt his eyes upon her; ſhe avoided his addreſſes, as knowing the company of young men of ſuperior rank or fortune was the moſt dangerous, both to virtue and reputation, of any ſhe could keep.

But

But difficulties only encreaſed his ardour, and the many proofs he gave her of a warm, and what muſt be diſintereſted love, begun to work upon her heart; when he perceived this, his reflections turned on the diſadvantages of marrying her, and on ſchemes for ſatisfying his paſſion at a cheaper rate. After having once confeſſed her affection, ſhe behaved with a conſtant kindneſs; yet ſhe preſerved ſuch a ſtrict guard againſt the leaſt indelicacy, as to baffle his deſigned attempts, before they were carried ſo far as to give cauſe of ſuſpicion, or offence; until at laſt, growing impatient, he openly attempted her chaſtity; ſhe tore herſelf from him, with horror and contempt, and although he made the moſt abject ſubmiſſions, would never admit him any more, well knowing the certain ruin which muſt have attended her tampering with a man, who had once attempted her honor.

Enraged at his diſappointment, he now made his boaſt of having received that very favor he had been refuſed, and every looſer damſel, every envious or neglected wench, echoed the ſound. Prudentia, although

though (I believe) ſhe had never read Spenſer, behaved exactly as he adviſes; ſhe kept a more than ordinary guard upon her future conduct, and ſoon found, that like the ſun, true virtue may for a time be clouded by the dark miſts of calumny, but will again ſhine forth in all its former luſtre.

Prudentia is now happily married to a young man, who poſſeſſes no large gifts from fortune, no extraordinary graces of perſon, or brilliancy of parts, yet has that plain good ſenſe, honeſt kindneſs of heart, and ſweetneſs of temper, that has raiſed between them that perfect eſteem and confidence, which alone can ſecure happineſs in the married life.

NUMBER XIII.

RIDICULOUS CONDUCT.

A ſafe companion, and an eaſy friend.
POPE.

That *evil communications corrupt good manners*, that he who keeps company with the vicious, will be led in by degrees to become a ſharer in their vices, however free from them naturally; are ſuch plain and obvious truths, that it is needleſs to enforce them; it is what every parent who laments his graceleſs child, is ready to bear witneſs to. — Bad company is the general object of their complaint, to which they moſtly impute the ruin of their children; yet methinks they muſt have had ſome inclination to vice, or they would not have taken ſo much pleaſure in the company of the vicious; for *birds of a feather will flock together*, and perſons of bad diſpoſitions whet and harden each other in wickedneſs, without its being poſſible to ſay which is the tempter, or which the tempted!

But

But if there be errors in the choice of companions, into which people of good ſenſe, and good diſpoſitions may be apter to be led, theſe are (methinks) worthy of a more ſerious conſideration. Although rank and fortune make no real difference in men, and people ſhould neither deſpiſe their inferiors, nor keep too cringing a diſtance with thoſe above them, yet to enjoy *ſafe companions*, they ſhould be nearly of their own rank: He who ſtrives to keep up with people of ſuperior fortune, will find himſelf led into ruinous expence; and he who herds with thoſe below him, will diſcover them to be no leſs dangerous companions. But, for an illuſtration of this, take the hiſtories of the two nephews and heirs of an old gentleman farmer, who left to Timon, his brother's ſon, a freehold eſtate of four-ſcore pounds per annum, and to Placebo, his ſiſters ſon, an advantageous leaſe of a wellſtocked farm of an hundred and fifty pounds a year.

Timon's temper was naturally kind, open and generous; and as he was looked upon as his rich uncle's heir, he was

from

from his childhood made much of by every neighbour and dependent; who were ever ready to cry up the kindneſs and generoſity of his heart, and his not having a taint of pride about him, which made him (on his part) ambitious of ſupporting the character they had drawn for him; ſo that the pride of not being proud was his ruin: for he never thought himſelf happy in any company but ſuch whoſe poverty or meanneſs for ſpirit allowed him to be paymaſter, and firſt man in the circle. No one need be aſhamed of the company of an honeſt, ſober and well-ſpirited perſon, however lowly his ſtation; but it is not ſuch as theſe, it is the looſe, the fawning, or ſome way artfully entertaining, that thoſe who have a propenſity to low company generally delight in; and ſuch were ever ready to draw about, to empty the purſe and extol the generoſity and affable diſpoſition of Timon, who to compleat that character, muſt needs be gallanting with the maid of the houſe where he lodged; and as Nanny had the diſcretion to reſiſt ſome leſs honourable offers which he made her, what could the generous Ti-

mon do leſs than marry this chaſte Pamela, that virtue might be rewarded?

Nanny *took tolerably well in hand* to be a gentlewoman, and roſe with great facility to that height his indiſcreet vanity (not the ſituation of his already halfruined fortunes) called her to. Yet ſhe was in reality a good ſort of a girl; ſhe poſſeſſed a ſweetneſs of temper, and a grateful tenderneſs of heart, which if ſhe had been born his equal, or he her's, might have made them happy in each other; but as they were ſituated, theſe very virtues only helped to accelerate their ruin. As Nanny or her relations had never been uſed to that opulence ſhe ſeemed now to be placed in, they thought it inexhauſtible. Brothers, ſiſters, uncles, aunts, and couſins to the hundred and fiftieth degree, like an army of devouring locuſts, ate up the produce, and battened on the fruits of his fortune — but ſurely filial reverence itſelf ſhould not be perſuaſive enough to render us unjuſt to ourſelves; and to plead family affection in the hour of ruin is ridiculous in the extreme. By his thoughtleſs extravagance Timon was ſoon ſurrounded

ded with difficulties, and not having reſolution to retrieve or retrench his expences, he ſtrove to baniſh the painful reflection of them by frequent intoxication. Every labourer or mechanic, who could ſcrape together ten or twenty pounds, thought it ſafe in Timon's hands, ſo that beſides mortgaging his eſtate to its utmoſt worth, he got into a number of petty debts he had no means to pay; and he is now a poor penurious ſot, univerſally deſpiſed, and as unjuſtly called a very bad fellow, as he was before a good one. For the truth of the caſe is, he was never either in any great degree, as it was only indiſcretion and vanity which made him ſeem generous and humble; and nothing except the heights of diſtreſs and difficulties could ever have made him diſhoneſt.

Placebo was quite of a different temper; his pleaſure and vanity lay in the acquaintance and company of the rich and great, and choſe rather to be as *a door-keeper in the houſe of* faſhion, than to have the elbow chair among his equals. To gain this honour, he was willing to be the butt, the toad-eater, and generally ready-money

ſteward to companions of quality. When forced to be with ſuch as were his equals, his whole diſcourſe was of what happened when Mr. or 'Squire ſuch a one and he were together, for which he had only the honor of being laughed at behind his back by all who heard him. By this means (although neither a rake nor a ſot) he quickly (by running into ſuch expences as hurt not his richer companions,) brought his affairs into an embarraſſed ſituation.

An opportunity however offered ſeemingly to retrieve them. An amiable young woman, who had ſpent ſix or ſeven years in the ſervice of an old lady, who at her deceaſe left her a legacy of two hundred pounds, came down to reſide with her relations in the country. To her Placebo, by a ſimilar elegance of taſte and manners, ſoon recommended himſelf, and their connection ended in an union for life.

Placebo's wife was a notable woman, equally ſkilful in fine needle-work and confectionary, beſides being tolerably well read in plays and romances. In ſhort,

ſhe

ſhe poſſeſſed every accompliſhment which was unneceſſary for her as a farmer's wife, and but few of thoſe which were really uſeful. Yet both of them had the good ſenſe to know that their fortune was not equal to the full indulgence of their fine taſte, ſo laid a plan of what they called elegance and frugality, but to which their neighbours gave the name of pride and meanneſs. They kept no company, except when ſome genteel people did them the honor (which by the way was pretty frequent) to take a dinner, or a diſh of tea with them; which muſt be prepared with great buſtle and expence, and ſuch attendance that nothing but the ſilliеſt of all vanities could make them ſubmit to. And when at laſt this vanity had accompliſhed their conſequent ruin, theſe very perſons who had contributed to their deſtruction, were with the firſt to cenſure and ridicule their conduct.

NUMBER XIV.

DISCRETION.

If you had never known my ſhame, if only
The ſilent moon and midnight ſtars had ſeen it,
I would not bear to be reproach'd by them.
ROWE.

To the AUTHOR.

SIR,

I am one (perhaps among too many of my ſex) who cannot be happy in the poſſeſſion of what would have been moſt pleaſing to the kindneſs and warmth of my natural feelings, a fond, generous, and honorable lover, from a conſciouſneſs of my having, by former miſconduct, made myſelf unworthy of his love. How does my heart ſmite me, when his eyes hanging upon me, he fondly claſps me to his boſom, and calls me *his ſweet, his virtuous maid:* for as I had hopes from the unſuſpicious honeſty of his heart, that I might gain his hand, I have from the beginning of

of our connection behaved with a degree of circumſpection (in his company), which innocence itſelf would perhaps never have thought of.

But how painful is it for a heart like mine, naturally formed for generous confidence and ſympathizing love, to be obliged to act the part of a deceiver. Nothing could reconcile me to myſelf, but that I fell a victim to pollution, at an age when perſuaſion has double charms, and credulity taught me, that implicit confidence was a virtue: I knew no guilt, and therefore ſuſpected none.

My fond lover has not yet diſcovered a trace of my frailty, yet I am but too certain it has not eſcaped the notice of my more prying and malicious neighbours; ſo am in perpetual dread of its coming to his knowledge either before, or what would perhaps be of worſe conſequence, after our marriage. Dear Sir, tell me how to act in this dilemma, and you will for ever oblige the infortunate

MIRA.

The beſt advice I can give Mira is, for the future to be ſtrictly on her guard; the

guilt lies certainly leſs in a pollution of body, than in a corruption of mind, and if ſhe can bring that once back to the wiſh of chaſtity, ſhe will again be virtuous. If ſhe could have a full confidence in her lover's kindneſs and diſcretion, that he would neither betray, nor forſake her, nor render it the ſubject of future reproach, it would perhaps, be beſt to make him the confident of her misfortune, as it would eaſe her own mind of the conſcious pain of deception, be leſs irritating to his feelings, and deſtructive of his happineſs, if it came from herſelf, than if he ſhould hear it from another; but he muſt be a very generous and ſenſible man who ſhould be truſted with a ſecret like this, and beſides her delicacy, as well as her prudence, may forbid it. But, however, ſhe ſhould be extremely careful, both before and after marriage, not to give him, or the world, cauſe of future ſuſpicion, and in particular to avoid the man who was the author of her ruin.

And here I muſt obſerve to my fair, and yet innocent readers, how exceedingly careful they ſhould be to keep them-

themſelves from temptation, and to guard againſt thoſe warm deſires, which could lead one of Mira's refined and delicate tenderneſs of ſentiment, to become what ſhe too ſeverely, yet but too juſtly, calls herſelf. But alas! how many are at this moment ſunk in lewdneſs, rotting in the ſtews, who were led to their ruin by a generous ſenſibility of ſoul, which would have ſweetly fitted them for conjugal love, and maternal tenderneſs; while many of their moſt unmerciful cenſurers, owe their ſafety leſs to fixed principles of virtue, than to a harſh unfeeling forbiddingneſs of temper and manners.

But, perhaps, one of the moſt general female faults, is their little feeling for, nay, indeed, rather triumphing in each others failures of this kind. I think it is Mr. Shenſtone's remark, that we are moſt apt to hate thoſe faults in others, to which we ourſelves are moſt ſtrongly tempted: is it then, that doing great violence to their own inclinations, in keeping themſelves chaſte, they envy, and conſequently hate, thoſe who take greater indulgence; or is it in a ſpirit of rivalſhip, that they think

ther's fall a kind of comparative exaltation to themſelves? However, it certainly is not the vice itſelf, but only the vicious female which they diſlike; for while the poor creature is drowned in tears of grief, and overwhelmed with confuſion, ſhunned, ſcorned, and cenſured by the reſt of her ſex; the man, who by the moſt artful intrigues, the moſt deceitful promiſes and endearments, nay, perhaps not at laſt without ſome degree of force, accompliſhed her ruin, and who brazens out his fault with an impudent careleſſneſs and gaiety of behaviour, is received among theſe pretenders to virtue with as much eclat as ever.

Let then the fair ones, when they would complain of the artifices, and inconſtancy of men, conſider to what it muſt be owing. The ſexes are of ſuch a pleaſing, mutual conſequence to each other, that whatever will gain the general countenance of the one, the individuals of the other will endeavour to aſſume at leaſt the appearance of; were then the fair ſex as much angels in mind as perſon, the men would ſoon all be ſaints — but I ſuppoſe

even

even thoſe extravagantly virtuous ladies do not deſire it.

NUMBER XV.

ILLICIT LOVE.

——————She flouriſh'd,
Grew ſweet to ſenſe, and lovely to the eye,
'Till at the laſt a cruel ſpoiler came,
Cropt this fair roſe, and raviſh'd all its ſweetneſs,
Then threw it like a loathſome weed away.

OTWAY.

Although I cannot altogether ſubſcribe to that which ſeems to have been the opinion of our philoſophic poet, Mr. Pope, that there is in every breaſt ſome one ruling paſſion, to which all the reſt are ſubordinate; yet, certainly, every one has his favorite paſſion, and I muſt own, a general tenderneſs towards the fair ſex, has always been mine: I cannot pretend to ſo much philoſophy as to look with the ſame indifference on a group of pretty damſels, as on a bed of tulips. An agreeable woman,

man, with ſprightlineſs, delicacy, modeſty and kindneſs ſhining in her countenance, is certainly the moſt lovely, the moſt animating object the eyes of man can behold.

Indeed, I am ſo much a general lover of the ſex, and have ſo much of the knight errant in me, that for their ſakes I would gladly ſally forth againſt thoſe monſters, the ruiners of virgins, *who are continually roving about*, not *like roaring lions*, but as ſneaking ſpaniels, *ſeeking whom they may devour.* But I will, I doubt, prove as ineffectual, and be thought as ridiculous, as the famous attack made by my renowned predeceſſor, Don Quixote; for the vane of a wind-mill is not more deſtitute of feeling than the hearts of libertines: they have not one manlike feeling about them, which they ſhare not, in common, with the beaſts that periſh.

Were they rational creatures, were they capable of reflection, I would aſk their opinion of the vile incendiary who enters a houſe under the diſguiſe of kindneſs and friendſhip, to ſow the ſeeds of anger, confuſion, ſorrow and deſpair. I would aſk their

their opinion of the treacherous robber, who plunders his confiding friends of that on which may depend the reputation, the fortune and the happineſs of all their future days. I would aſk what they thought of that ſerpent, that devil, whoſe pleaſure it is to delude innocence into the paths of guilt.

Marcus paid his addreſſes to Melinda; he put on the appearance of a fair and honorable lover, and viſited her openly in the face of her friends, until he became reſpected as a ſon and a brother in the family. Encouraged by the approbation of her relations, and his long and unremitted attentions, ſhe gave up her heart without reſerve to the tender paſſion; ſhe received his careſſes with tranſport, nor could refrain from fond returns. She looked upon him as her deſtined huſband, the partner of her future joys. In a ſoft and tender moment, when the fond idea reigned predominant; when virtue, prudence, and the ſenſe of honor, were lulled to reſt by the bewitching pleas of love, ſhe yielded herſelf up to his embraces, and found herſelf ruined and forſaken.

Racus

Racus caſt his eyes upon the young and beautiful Nannette, and marked her out for his prey; her prudent parents were aware of her danger, they expoſtulated with their daughter, they forbid his viſits; but, as the old Grecian poet ſays, no man can bar up his houſe ſo cloſe, but a rat or a libertine will find entrance; for he found a way into the houſe and heart of Nannette, where love and filial duty held an unequal conteſt for dominion. In the midſt of this tender conflict of contending paſſions, what wónder if he found a melting moment to compleat her ruin; for him ſhe ſacrificed the affections of every friend and relation, and yet he, even he could forſake her too!

Were theſe creatures men, were they poſſeſſed of the common feelings of humanity, I would endeavor to melt them to compaſſion, by drawing a picture of that miſery they occaſion. Nay, (however unavailing) I will attempt it, and do thou ſoft pity, thou tender ſympathy which warmeſt my heart, inſpire me whilſt I write.

What

What affection is ſo delicately tender, as that of a father to his daughter? yet muſt ſhe ſee that fond parent wounded by her ungrateful lover in the moſt tender part; ſhe muſt ſee him in all the ſtorms of rage, in all the woe of melting ſorrow! She muſt ſee her fond mother, eyeing her in the very depth of grief, and breaking out into heart-piercing lamentations. Her brothers ſilent, perhaps, yet with looks of indignant miſery; her ſiſters wrapt in ſorrow, and almoſt choked with grief and ſcorn, as knowing they ſhare in her loſs of reputation—every eye turned upon her with looks of anger, and wretchedneſs, as the unhappy cauſe of their heart-felt diſtreſs. Where muſt ſhe vent her grief? whom muſt ſhe curſe, as the cauſe of all her woe? What thee! thou darling of her heart! thou partner of her dear-bought joys, thou father of her child! Haſt thou occaſioned all this ſcene of ſorrow, and haſt thou the power to alleviate it? Has paſſion in an unguarded moment led thee to do an injury, and wilt thou in cool blood refuſe a reparation? No, take her to thy boſom, and be the future guardian

of

of that honor thou haſt injured; ſo ſhall the ſcribe of Heaven, in the exuberance of joy with which he notes down thy *amende honorable*, daſh out the record of thy former guilt.

But her experienced weakneſs has made thee doubtful of her truth? How cruel and unjuſt the world may blame her conduct, but thou ſhouldſt not, if ſhe has been guilty of a fault, it is a fault of love, of love to thee! Haſt thou been weak, and canſt thou blame her weakneſs? But this is only a vain excuſe, thy deſires are ſatiated, thy heart is incapable of tender pity, it is hardened againſt the dictates of honor and conſcience; and ſo thou wilt abandon her to the malice of an unfeeling world, where haply undiſcovered wantons, and unaſked antiquated virginity will tear in pieces her late fair reputation, while ſhe is pitied, alas, by few! by none of all her ſex, except the truly good and virtuous.

Think, ſhould ſhe purſue the road in which thou haſt placed her; and when thou haſt robbed her of thoſe paladiums

of

of female honor, a ſpotleſs reputation, and the conſcious pride of innocence, how ſhall ſhe reſiſt each ruffian's rude attempt? Think, then, thou ſeeſt each charm, which once was only thine, expoſed to every rude embrace; that heart which glowed with tender love to thee, ſunk into abandoned lewdneſs; the mother of thy child a proſtitute! But, think, O think! ſhe may be led, in conſequence of thy firſt ſeducing, and then abandoning her, into ſuch a courſe of vice, as muſt not only ſink her in diſgrace and miſery for life, but endanger her future welfare; and can'ſt thou bear the guilt of her everlaſting ruin?

NUMBER XVI.

SCANDAL.

——————Good name in man or woman,
Is the immediate jewel of our ſouls:
Who ſteals my purſe, ſteals traſh, 'tis ſomething, nothing,
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been ſlave to thouſands;
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
But makes me poor indeed.

SHAKESPEARE.

There is nothing which ſhews ſo much the general depravity of the human heart, as the avidity with which any ſtory to the diſcredit of a fellow creature is received and propagated.

On eagle's wings immortal ſcandals fly,
While virtuous actions are but born and die.

What is the reaſon of this? Is it that people would ſet off the luſtre of their own virtues, or excuſe their faults by a compariſon with the ſeeming depravity of others? To

To propagate any uncertain ſtory to the prejudice of another's character, is making at once a moſt injurious and cowardly attack upon him; as it is hurting him in the tendereſt point, and in a way that gives him the leaſt opportunity of defending himſelf; for neither ſtrength, dexterity, nor the moſt cautious prudence, can enable a man to guard againſt the envenomed ſhafts of calumny.

To point out the ſecret villain, as a caution for innocence to avoid him; or to beſtow merited cenſure upon the open violater of truth and decency, may be of ſervice, at leaſt it is what the honeſt indignation of a worthy mind will naturally throw out: but then before we ſpread a report to any one's diſavantage, we ſhould be abſolutely convinced of its truths in every particular; and before we paſs too ſevere a cenſure, we ſhould be certain the culpable action proceeded from a real corruption of heart, and was not merely the caſual ſlip of an unguarded moment.

There is, perhaps, no ſlander ſo invidious, or ſo hurtful, as that which has ſo-

mething of truth for its foundation; a little variation, either addition, or omiſſion, makes that appear highly culpable, which, if every circumſtance and inducement were known, might ſeem excuſable: and but too many people (eſpecially your great news-mongers) love to repreſent things in the worſt light. It is ſurpriſing with what art theſe people will endeavour to inſtil a bad opinion of any one into you; they will begin with giving the perſon ſome degree of praiſe, until they have made you think them friendly, and ſo not likely to belie them, and then proceed to deal our faults, until at laſt they completely blacken the devoted character, and all, perhaps, without any real malice againſt the perſon, but merely to indulge their love of tittle tattle converſation.

Yet methinks it ſhould be conſidered that he who in any wiſe blackens another's character, lets fly a ſhower of random arrows at him, which when once from his bow he can no more command, nor knows in what part they may inflict a wound; for no perſon can poſſibly tell how much the leaſt ſcandalous report may

prove

prove injurious, either to the intereſt or happineſs of another. But where it has a direct tendency to do an injury in ſome important point, it greatly adds to its malignity: thus it is doubly culpable, to diſparage the abilities of the artiſt, the profeſſional ſkill of the phyſician, or the lawyer, the credit of the merchant or tradeſman, the courage of the ſoldier, or the chaſtity of a woman.

Of this laſt, (as there is nothing ſo wantonly and inconſiderably played with as female reputation) I muſt beg leave to be a little more particular. However it came to be, that a fault ſhould be accounted only venial in one ſex, and capital in the other; or ſtill more, that the one ſhould glory in that of which the other muſt be aſhamed, appears to me altogether unaccountable; yet, as this is too much the caſe, it ſhould put the fair ſex more upon their guard, as having to do with gameſters, who have nothing to loſe, whilſt they themſelves have every thing at ſtake. Men may puſh their fortune in life by various means, a woman's depends entirely upon her marriage; and how

much that may be affected by reputation, I leave it to every man of common ſenſe to determine: they are all in the ſame predicament with the wife of Cæſar, it is not enough that they are innocent, they muſt be unſuſpected.

I mention this as a caution to young women, to be careful of hurting their fame, by keeping wild company, irregular hours, or betraying a forward levity of behaviour. And to point out to the men, the cruel injury they do them, if by words, hints, or ſigns, they hazard the raiſing the leaſt diſhonorable ſuſpicion againſt them: and yet I can aſſure the fair ſex, that among thoſe who wiſh to draw them into guilt, there is not one of a thouſand, whoſe vanity will not ſome how find out a way to betray them.

I know not whether the following tale has ever been printed, but it is ſo very applicable to the preſent ſubject, that I cannot reſiſt giving it a place among my papers.

THE

THE MAD DOG.

A TALE.

The Sland'rer hurts more than the thief;
Our danger more, leſs our relief:
No ſtrength can guard, no care inſure,
And if once hurt, there is no cure;
A bruiſe may heal, wealth be regain'd,
There's no amends for credit ſtain'd.
The ſpiteful tongue deals deſp'rate blows,
Nor minds the miſchief which it does.
Tho' always plain, yet always neat,
As *Prim*, the Quaker, walk'd the ſtreet,
A dirty cur came 'thwart his hoſe,
At which the meek man's choler roſe.
I will not curſe thee, ſtrike, or lame,
But I will give thee a bad name:
Mad dog! mad dog! then onwards ſteps;
Not ſo the caitiff cur eſcapes:
The mob on him raiſe hue and cry,
Staves, ſtones, and ſhovels at him fly;
The women ſcream! the bolder men
Purſue, he flies, but flies in vain,
Stiff, bloody, ſtunn'd—he falls—he dies,
To Calumny a ſacrifice.

NUMBER XVII.

CANDOUR.

Be candid where we can.

POPE.

It is not ſufficient that we forbear to raiſe or propagate ſcandalous reports againſt our neighbours, we ſhould likewiſe be careful to avoid making malicious reflections upon their perſons and manners, or commenting unfavorably upon their actions. But let us impartially examine upon what account it generally happens that people become objects of cenſure or ridicule, and ſee how far they may deſerve ſuch opprobrious uſage.

As a good face is ſaid to be a letter of recommendation, ſo perſons of very mean exterior parts may be ſaid to carry Bellerophon's letters (letters to their own detriment) continually about with them. We cannot, perhaps, help being prejudiced for or againſt people by the appearance they make in our eyes; beſides which, how

how far the form of body may influence the paſſions of the ſoul, or how far harmony or diſtortion of mind may give beauty or deformity, eſpecially to the countenance, I will not pretend to ſay. Socrates acknowledged he was naturally inclined to all the vices which the phyſiognomiſt charged him with, although he had ſo far ſubdued himſelf, as not to let them appear in his conduct. I have, however, often met with good ſenſe and good nature beneath great ſimplicity or fourneſs of countenance; and many a time we find a fair and noble ſoul clad in the very coarſeſt clay. Beſides which, all our bodies being the gift of one common Creator, and not in any of our powers to alter or exchange, it is at once impious and unjuſt to cenſure or ridicule any one on that account. For my part, I was never in the leaſt hurt by any reflections which could be made upon my perſon, but have much too frequently had reaſon to bluſh, from a conſciouſneſs of a deformity in my manners.

Talents or capacities, as well as our perſons, being the immediate gift of God,

and no way dependent upon our wills, or inclinations, cannot properly make us deſerve either ſcorn or cenſure. Beſides which, we frequently ſee people of very ordinary parts, by means of care and diligence, make their way through life with credit, whilſt thoſe of more ſhining abilities by too careleſs and confident a reliance upon their ingenuity, have involved themſelves in difficulties and diſtreſs. Indeed, I believe Heaven has given to moſt people talents ſufficent, were they properly applied, but that is too ſeldom the caſe; many who make but bungling artiſts, might have figured in a liberal profeſſion, *and many an honeſt gentleman* (ſays ſome body) *has beſtowed a church benefice upon the very man he ought to have made his huntſmann.*

Our foibles, our whimſics and our follies, of which every one has his ſhare; whether they be grave or gay, whether they *ſinner it, or ſaint it,* run away with the man a little out of the track of reaſon; yet, ſo long as he only friſks and ſcampers as he paſſes along, and is not unjuſtly troubleſome or dangerous to his Majeſty's

liege

liege ſubjects, although his whimſical freaks may force a ſmile, we have no right to hold out a finger or cry ſhame: ſo long as the rider is content and happy, let him enjoy his pranks as he pleaſes. Yet, I would adviſe you, my good man jockey, to keep your hand upon the rein, and a ſharp look out, or your foible may run away with you. Hobby is a vicious colt, and if he gets too much his head, will ſo run and leap, and kick and fling, that he will be breaking the neck of your intereſt, happineſs and virtue. But if kept within due bounds, a little indulgence to fancy is no ways blameable; indeed it is well if we

——Can imagin'd pleaſures find,
To combat againſt real cares.

Some times, and in ſome caſes it is but a folly to be overwiſe, for alas! how frequently does our ſtrength lie in our weakneſs, and our wiſdom in our follies. Our foibles then may be indulged ſo far as they are entirely innocent, and ſo far as they contribute to content and happineſs; but let it be remembered, nothing can poſſeſs theſe qualifications which is hurtful to

our

our health or future welfare, or which are unjuſtly injurious, or perniciouſly enſnaring to any other perſon; or what is the ſame thing in effect, but impreſſed by a law more explicit and binding, nothing can be accounted guiltleſs, which is repugnant to the revealed will of the Almighty.

Yet, although we ſhould hate the vice, we ſhould judge with candour and charity of the vicious. We know who bids us *judge not, leſt ye be judged, for with that meaſure which ye mete to others, it ſhall be meaſured to us again*, and few of us, I doubt, will be able to ſtand ſo ſevere a ſcrutiny. Let only the innocent accuſe the guilty, and, lo, the court is ſilent. If we muſt needs judge, let it be rather from people's general conduct, than from any particular actions. Becauſe a perſon has been known to do a fooliſh or a wicked deed, it does not therefore follow, that he is a fooliſh or a wicked man. Let me aſk which of us have not done or ſaid that in ſome weak, ſome unguarded moment, which in our ſoberer hours we would have ſcorned or hated. Who but

the great Searcher of hearts can trace actions to their original fountain, who ſees and conſiders the different ſtrength of paſſions in each breaſt, and the various circumſtances of temptation, and can with certainty ſay how far any one is guilty or innocent? Many a worthy matron who has ſpent her life in chaſtity and honor, if ſhe were to recollect every tender moment when fond deſire reigned predominant, might own with the lady in Marmontel's tales, that ſhe had been virtuous by good luck. For my part, I muſt, to my ſhame, acknowledge I am conſcious of owing to good fortune, or (it would be both more juſt and more pious to ſay) to the kindly interpoſition of Providence, the not having committed ſuch actions as muſt have ended either in unhinging the moſt virtuous principles of my ſoul, or been the cauſe of regret to me for all my future days. And what man dare preſume to ſay how long he will be able to keep even his preſent degree of purity? Let us then (by the grace of God) endeavour all we can to preſerve our hearts in the paths of wiſdom and virtue; and

judge

judge with candour and charity of the actions and behaviour of others.

NUMBER XVIII.

FEMALE CUNNING.

A cunning woman is a knaviſh fool.

LITTLETON.

To the AUTHOR.

SIR,

I am a ſervant girl, and have not been quite two months in my place, yet my maſter's ſon (a youth of about twenty, and will be a great fortune) is begun already to fondle about me. Now, Sir, you have (in the character of Prudentia) ſhewn how a prudent and virtuous young woman ſhould behave towards the man ſhe wiſhes not to encourage, but have ſaid nothing how ſhe ſhould manage him ſhe would ſecure; and I would fain act prudently and virtuouſly in this affair; that is, underſtand me, I would act ſo as

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to catch him. Your advice in this matter will oblige your humble ſervant,

BETTY BROOM.

If I adviſe my friend Betty, it muſt be to leave her place as ſoon as ſhe can with decency and propriety. The young man may be in ſome danger from her, but believe me ſhe is in much greater from him. Courtſhip and gallantry with a man of ſuperior rank, is always very critical and dangerous; his conſciouſneſs of this advantage giving him an overpowering degree of aſſurance; but ſhe, I hope, will not forget that there is a modeſt dignity belonging to her ſex, which no inferiority of rank can made leſs, and which gives her a right to reſtrain or repulſe the advances, and the freedoms of any man, let his rank, or his ſituation, with regard to her, be what it will; and this prerogative ought to be moſt particularly exerted, when every other advantage is on the ſide of her gallant.

But however prudently ſhe may manage it, if ſhe ſhould ſuffer his gallantries for any time, it will rouſe the attention

tion and envy of her neighbours; and then if it end in disappointment, as most likely it will, where the affair runs so counter to the young man's views of interest, these will be ready to put the most malicious construction upon their connection. She will at least be laughed at for being cheated in her ambitious views, but most likely her character will be entirely lost. Nay, even if she should happen to succeed to the full extent of her most sanguine wishes, yet she will find it no very enviable situation to be married into a family who may think themselves hurt, or dishonored by her alliance, and that too without any support, but the giddy and transient fancy of her husband; for it may (and I believe frequently doth) happen, that a man ruins himself to gain possession of a woman, for whom he has nothing of that fixed esteem, and friendly care for her happiness, which alone deserves the name of love.

But besides this, although I would have my fair pupils prudent, I would not have them ever entertain an idea of being cunning; prudence is a shield of defence which highly becomes them in the wearing,

ring, but cunning is an offenſive weapon they were never meant to handle: it ſo badly ſuits with their tenderneſs of ſentiment, and their yielding warmth of feeling, that they generally are themſelves the dupes of their own intrigues.

Barſina, by her unexceptionable and diſcreet conduct, had gained the good opinion of all who knew her; ſhe had lovers—and wiſhed to marry well. Some diſappointments happily got over, and her attachments naturally not too ſtrong, who was likelier to act prudently than Barſina? — She was prudent, but that was not enough, ſhe muſt be cunning.

Barſina had one lover whoſe perſonal accompliſhments hit her fancy, and whoſe proſpects in life ſatisfied her prudential wiſhes — but he too was prudent, and wanted to be properly ſettled in his buſineſs before he married; he was rather dilatory, ſhe was rather diffident; a new lover came, and was encouraged as a ſpur to the other, at leaſt it had that effect, the firſt lover became anxious and preſſing — yet ſtill with too much prudence.

For women when they will, are always in a hurry.

May-day, that halcyon ſeaſon, when rural Hymen lights up innumerable torches, was the time appointed: proper arrangements were to be made in his family againſt their approaching nuptials; ſhe ſhould have now been ſatisfied of his ſincerity and honor. But ſhe was for being ſurer.—For although ſhe liked him well enough to be married to him, yet ſhe had now coquetted with the other until ſhe could ſcarce find in her heart to quit him. This may at firſt ſight appear unnatural, uncharacteriſtic, but it is not; ſhe was to be ſure very prudent, very cunning, but yet ſhe was a woman.

The firſt lover had (once at leaſt) the greateſt ſhare in her affections and eſteem, but the other was the briſker wooer; her mind, almoſt, begun to waver, was almoſt on a balance. This very prudent, very ſly woman's lot in life, the diſpoſal of her deareſt intereſts, of her perſon, was not to reſt upon her affections, nor yet upon her judgment, for both were loſt in wavering and uncertainty; but on ſome momenta-

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ry caprice, ſome accidental whim, perhaps ſome groſſer feeling; and what was it, think you, which ſnatched her, at laſt, from one ſhe long had highly valued, and that too for the ſake of a man, for whom ſhe had no fixed liking?

The ring was bought, the nuptials approaching, and the painful taſk! — the diſcarded lover muſt be told of it. With tears, almoſt with fainting it was done; thoſe tears melted his riſing anger into love and tenderneſs; he once again was preſſing, nor could ſhe, even now reſiſt, but once more promiſed, and once more deceived him!

Barſina has, perhaps, been leſs unfortunate than undeſerving, but yet ſhe is not happy; every little rub in life, every piece of ill-humour from her huſband or his friends makes her ſigh. I well deſerve it, I might have been happy! But ſhould it be her lot to meet with real misfortunes, or bad uſage, in what corner of her mind ſhall her peace ſeek refuge? The unfortunate woman who married to pleaſe her parents, can plead filial duty; if ſhe cho-

ſe from views of worldly prudence, it was meant for the beſt, or if it was love, that powerful, natural paſſion, it is its own beſt advocate and comforter; but ſhe who has been the dupe of her own diſhoneſt cunning — where is her conſolation?

NUMBER XIX.

LOVE MARKS.

Were you, ye fair, but cautious whom ye truſt,
So many of your ſex would not in vain,
Of broken vows, and faithleſs men complain.
ROWE.

Although I could not think of encouraging Miſs Broom in her giddy, ambitious views, yet her epiſtle has cauſed me to reflect how difficult it is for a young woman to diſtinguiſh the real lover from the mere fribbling teazer, or the artful deluder who purſues her for baſer ends; and to regulate her conduct ſo as to ſecure

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re that heart ſhe wiſhes to retain. I ſhall therefore endeavour (in this and ſome ſucceeding papers) to paint the real lover to my fair readers, as he ſtands in contra-diſtinction to the other two, and point out ſuch a mode of conduct to them, as if it cannot inſure them that ſucceſs they wiſh for, will make them at leaſt deſerve it.

Young women are natural ſcholars in the language of the eye: they never fail diſcovering that we love them, as ſoon at leaſt as we know it ourſelves, if not ſooner; but then the vivacity of their wiſhes often makes them fancy they ſee love, when it is only general gallantry of temper. The following are the moſt general ſymptoms of a genuine paſſion, to be reſpectful in addreſs, even to timidity, and ever ready to doubt ſucceſs: the true lover will ſtrive to hide the awe that hangs upon him; he may affect pleaſantry and humour, but he does it very aukwardly: in the preſence of his miſtreſs he will be apt to ſink into dulneſs; but if ſhe addreſſes him kindly, or gives him a ſmile of approbation, he is enlivened at once: yet are his ſpirits as eaſily allayed as they

are raiſed; and he is as jealous almoſt of being the object of her pity as of her ſcorn: he would hide even from his miſtreſs the too great tenderneſs of his paſſion; he wiſhes her to know he loves, yet is unwilling ſhe ſhould ſee how much his happineſs is in her power.

Thus embarraſſing is the ſituation, and thus confuſed the air and manner of the real lover, while the mere dangling ſweetheart (as our country girls call him) acts at his eaſe: his converſation is light and amuſing, his air and manner free and eaſy, without any ſort of reſtraint; he is officious in little gallantries, and happily forward in thruſting himſelf upon you in public, or hunting you out in your ſecluded moment; and knows how to hit with preciſion that critical degree of freedom, and ſees ſo well how to time liberties, as to give juſt that gentle ſhock to your delicacy, which is pleaſing to the baſhful roguery of your hearts: — but if this ſhould give you ſome little offence, he laughs you out of it, and parries off your anger with a ſmile.

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Such are the marks which in general diſtinguiſh the lover from the dangler, yet are they not always to be depended upon. Young men who are naturally baſhful, and not much uſed to gallanting with the ſex, will have the ſame embarraſſed timidity in their behaviour; and as the lover is ſilent, and looks confuſed, and labouring for ſomething which he cannot find utterance for, ſo is the novice as ſilent and confuſed, wiſhing to play the man of gallantry, but finding himſelf unequal to the taſk. Nay, even that reſpectful fondneſs with which the lover eyes his miſtreſs, and the tender ſoftneſs of his air and expreſſion, may be imitated by art; or even undeſignedly, may proceed from the natural warmth of a man's tenderneſs of heart, and general feelings: and indeed I muſt acknowledge, for my part, I never enjoyed the pleaſure of a tête-a-tête converſation, with an agreeable young woman, but I felt a degree of tenderneſs and affection for her at the time. What wonder, then, if that temporary kindneſs which is really in the heart, ſhould ſteal into our looks and manner of expreſſion.

A man who is naturally bold and forward, (eſpecially if he meets with kindneſs, or has had ſo much experience of the ſex, as to diſtinguiſh ſeeming coyneſs from real diſtaſte) may have none of that embarraſſment in his behaviour, and yet mean as honorably, and make as affectionate an huſband, as he who in his manners ſhews plainer marks of love. However, where a woman ſees a man who is free and gay with others, timid and embarraſſed in her company, or one who ſeems little given to general gallantry, obſervant of, and officious in paying his court to her, ſhe may conclude he has ſome ſort of a liking for her; but yet ſhe may be diſſident of his honorable intentions.

To diſtinguiſh the honorable from the diſhonorable lover, is no very eaſy taſk, as the latter has all the ſeeming warmth of paſſion, all the fondneſs of deſire of the other: yet there are ſome nicer traits which may ſerve as marks of diſtinction. He looks at you (my dear girls) with fondneſs, but there is leſs of reſpect, and more of keenneſs in thoſe looks; there is ſomething in his eye, that can hardly meet with

with yours, but it raiſes ſome involuntary thoughts you cannot indulge without bluſhing. His diſcourſe and actions have a wanton tendency, more or leſs refined, as you ſeem inclinable to encourage, or as he is or is not maſter of addreſs and elocution: but the honorable lover almoſt loſes the gallantry of love in reverence of his miſtreſs, until kind encouragement, and chearful hope, promiſes him the ſole poſſeſſion of her heart and perſon. — Another criterion, by which you may judge of your lovers, is this; although the honorable one is rather ſhy of intruding himſelf upon you in public, leſt he ſhould give offence, and expoſe himſelf to rebuffs before witneſſes, yet except this, he has no fear beſides; give him your countenance, and he triumphs in his chains: but there is a ſneaking manner in purpoſes of guilt, which makes men ſhy in public of ſeeming particularly attached, but eager to ſeize their opportunity in the ſhades of darkneſs, and the cloſeneſs of retreat. It is therefore a golden rule for young women to obſerve, never to keep company with any one in private, at leaſt not enter-

tain him as a lover, who ſeems unwilling to appear as ſuch in public, eſpecially before her family and friends.

The dangler may poſſibly ripen into a lover, and therefore it is more a moot point, how far he is, or is not to be indulged; but the deluder ſhould, as ſoon as detected, be carefully avoided. That there has been inſtances of men who have purſued women with looſe intentions, being drawn in at laſt to marry them, I am ready to admit; but ſuch are very rare, when compared with the number of unhappy females, who have been led to their ruin by indulging ſuch fallacious hopes; and it is certainly an act of the moſt audacious imprudence for any one to expoſe herſelf to ſuch dangerous temptations, when ſhe knows the deſigns which are formed againſt her. — Beſides the hazard to which ſhe expoſes her virtue and reputation, even when her ſchemes are ſucceſsful, ſhe ſhould remember, ſuch matches, when they are made, are moſtly very unhappy; for he muſt be one of the worſt of men, who can deliberately plot the ruin of innocence, and a bad man can never make a good huſband.

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NUMBER XX.

INEXPLICIT COURTSHIP.

The lovely maid improves her charms,
With inward greatneſs, unaffected wiſdom,
And ſanctity of manners.

ADDISON.

Young women, being candidates for matrimony, ſhould certainly be careful to conduct themſelves with the greateſt propriety, and, as a preliminary, I would have them endeavour to deſerve the reputation of ſuch good qualities, as will make them the moſt deſirable partners in ſuch a ſtile of life as they may reaſonably think themſelves entitled to expect a huſband in. This, believe me, will give them the greateſt eſtimation in the eyes, not only of the wiſeſt, but almoſt every ſort of men; for there is nothing in which men in general ſhew ſo much ſuperior judgment to woman, as in the opinions they form of perſons of the contrary ſex.

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In dreſs they ſhould rather affect a conſtant neatneſs, than a caſual ſhew of grandeur; nor endeavour to take the lead among young perſons, of their rank and neighbourhood, in faſhion and expence; which would only expoſe them to envy, cenſure, and ridicule, while by keeping a little back, they may enjoy all the real advantages of elegance without reproach. Neither ſhould they entirely neglect places of general reſort, nor yet ſeem too conſtant in and eager to run after them; by which means they will eſcape the cenſure of levity, yet ſometimes be ſeen, and learn how to behave with eaſe and propriety in public; and will beſides be much more noticed than thoſe, who by a too frequent attendance become *creatures of the place.*

In the choice of companions they ſhould be extremely nice; the company of looſe women being as prejudicial to their reputation, and perhaps to their virtue, as that of men of the ſame ſtamp. With the former the mind is off its guard, and open to receive a poiſon deſtructive of that innocent

nocent delicacy, which is the ſhield of virtue, and the beauty of the ſex.

Nor ſhould they be too forward or eaſy with the men: yet it would be ridiculous prudery, or an abſurd piece of coquettiſhneſs, to put on a grave forbidding ſhew of ſcorn, on every little ſhew of gallantry; but ſurely they ſhould not make themſelves gew-gaws for every one to play with. In particular let them avoid converſe with men of notoriouſly looſe character, and indeed too much with any, where there is no likelihood of ſerious intentions, much more where there is an impropriety on either ſide: for there is ſuch a pliancy towards love in female tempers, as naturally inclines them to yield to ſolicitation, and to catch fire at a lover's flame, till they may be led by degrees (they ſcarce know how) to love, nay, to marry, and that too contrary to every view of intereſt, with men who poſſeſs not one quality of body or mind which would naturally pleaſe their fancies, or ſatisfy their judgments. And as it is a mortifying misfortune for them to love, where they are not beloved, they

ſhould

ſhould not indulge themſelves in the company of thoſe they cannot ſee or converſe with, but their hearts feel ſoft palpitations, while the object of their wiſhes ſits eaſy and indifferent.

But how far they may or may not indulge, conſiſtently with prudence, a man with their company, who ſeems inclinable to dangle after them, without any ſeeming warmth of paſſion, or eagerneſs to come to an eclairciſſement, for whom they have no more than a ſimilarity of feeling, whoſe character is unexceptionable, and with whom it would be no misfortune to have an interchange of love; I ſay, how far ſuch a man ſhould be indulged, is a difficult point to determine, for moſt love connections among the lower ranks of people begin in this accidental way; they fall into company frequently, that creates a liking, which improves to love, and love riſes to marriage. So that if a young woman was to baniſh every follower of this kind (eſpecially if ſhe has no gifts of fortune to allure men to her arms) it might be cutting off her proſpects of marriage entirely. Yet too many

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of ſuch men are male-coquets, whoſe triumph it is to ſee how far they can gain upon feelings, and whoſe boaſt it is that they have received favours. I think, then, ſhe who does not chuſe entirely to baniſh ſuch a man, ſhould be very careful not to ſhew him any marks of kindneſs; it will be beſt to be modeſtly diſtant with him as an acquaintance, and not, ſeemingly, to think of him as a lover; but by no means be ſeen with him at unſeaſonable hours, nor ſhew any marks of particular attention, nor allow him any perſonal freedoms, but what might be granted to any other man.

Another yet more difficult caſe is, where a young man not only profeſſes, but ſhews every mark of a warm and honorable paſſion, yet, on pretence of prudential reaſons, ſeems to decline an early acceptance of her hand. And thus far it is certain, young people, before they marry, ſhould have ſome reaſonable proſpect of maintaining themſelves, and the young family they are probably to give birth to; otherwiſe by a premature union, difficulties will ſurround them, out of which they

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may never be able to extricate themſelves; while, on the contrary, by waiting for a more proper ſeaſon, they might have entered into the married ſtate with fairer hopes, and enjoyed plenty all their days. And yet when the heart has fixed its fancy, and the judgment confirmed that choice, it is hard, nor is it any way neceſſary, that they ſhould entirely part. In ſuch a caſe (I think) a man ſhould be quite explicit with his miſtreſs; he ſhould lay his preſent ſituation, as well as future proſpects, fairly before her, and give her the ſtrongeſt aſſurances of his conſtancy, without deſiring any conceſſions on her part, except the giving him her countenance; and then it is her part to conſider whether the difficulties he moſt dwells on are ſubſtantial, or merely trivial; if the latter ſeems to be the caſe, ſhe has good reaſon to ſuſpect his heart is not ſufficiently fixed, or, indeed, that he has ſome ſiniſter views; that he is only watching for ſome tender moment to rob her of her honor. Another conſideration is, whether theſe difficulties are ſuch as a little time is likely to remove; for, if otherwiſe a longer acquaintance

tance will only rivet their affections the deeper, and make that parting, which is to come at laſt, the more afflicting. Laſtly, ſhe ſhould obſerve whether her want of golden charms to ſatisfy his avaricious fancy, or to pleaſe his friends, be not the chief cauſe of his delay; if ſo, that paſſion which when newly thrown into the ſcale cannot out-weigh avarice, prudence, filial duty, or what you pleaſe to call it, when it comes to hang long in the balance, will ſtrike the beam. Theſe love matches (as they are called) if they are not ſudden, ſeldom prove at all, and it is (as I have before obſerved) peculiarly dangerous to dangle with a man of ſuperior fortune.

However, in all caſes, with an inexplicit or dilatory ſwain, a young woman ſhould ever be very cautious, not to ſhew too great kindneſſes, nor allow any extraordinary favors: the firſt mark of affection ſhe ſhould diſcover towards her lover, (and indeed the firſt he ſhould deſire) is her yielding to his requeſt of her hand in marriage.

NUMBER XXI.

EXPLICIT COURTSHIP.

The men are arm'd, and for the fight prepare,
And now we muſt inſtruct and arm the fair.
CONGREVE, from OVID.

When once a young woman is fully convinced, as well from her lover's behaviour, as from his profeſſions, that he is really ſincere and honorable in his intentions towards her, ſhe on her part ſhould immediately determine in her mind, whether his love is acceptable to her, and not give him even a ſilent encouragement, when in her heart ſhe is fearful of rejecting him. Although a lover may not be ſo happy as to hit the fancy of his miſtreſs, yet ſtill ſhe ſhould conſider (provided his character and ſituation, with regard to hers, are ſuch as ſhe need not be aſhamed of) he has certainly in ſome reſpect paid her a compliment, nay, laid her under a kind of obligation, by having made her his choice: and ſurely if ſhe cannot

cannot requite him with kindneſs, ſhe ſhould forbear treating him with contempt, or giving him unneceſſary pain. To coquet with him would be more than folly, but as ſoon as poſſible let her allow him an opportunity to ſpeak his mind, and then give him a civil, but ſo reſolute an anſwer, that unleſs he be either very ſtupid, or very impudent, will ſerve him as a final one. In doing this, ſhe may, perhaps, make a ſacrifice, (for the ſex love to keep men in their power, they like the love even when they deſpiſe the lover) but it is a ſacrifice which generoſity, juſtice, and gratitude require.

But when ſhe means to favor a lover, I cannot adviſe her to be altogether ſo honeſt; a little well meant coquetry is certainly quite allowable. She ſhould not let him find he has ſo much of her favor all at once, but ſeem a little coy, until his affections are rivetted deeper, and ſhe can be ſure he is not playing a falſe game. To ſee how far this ought to be carried, a young woman ſhould conſider the character and temper of her lover. Men who are naturally vain and forward, or who

have had the ſame of frequent triumphs over female hearts, ſhould be long kept back; ſuch are apt ſoon to deſpiſe an eaſy conqueſt, but if they find great difficulties to encounter, it ſtimulates their ambition to complete the victory, until by degrees their own hearts become too deeply engaged to ſuffer them to recede. But it would be at once ſevere and impolitic to practiſe the ſame degree of coyneſs towards the honeſt, the modeſt and tender-hearted; as it might altogether cruſh his hopes, and drive him from her; or make him ſeek ſome kinder nymph; where he might find a gentleneſs of temper and tenderneſs of heart, more congenial to his own.

There are, I know, many young women who love to pick little quarrels with their wooers, either by way of trying their tempers, or elſe to give the greater pungency to their paſſions in the tender moment of reconciliation. As to the firſt, the man of cold, unfeeling heart, who in ſeeking a wife, only looks on her as if hiring an upper ſervant, or as one who is to bring him certain goods and chattels, will,

will, while courtſhip laſts, very calmly put up with her little humours; but the fond lover, who places his hopes of happineſs upon her virtues and her love, will be hurt by theſe pouting fits. Yet moſt aſſuredly, the man who is a very petulant ſweetheart cannot be expected to prove a good-natured huſband.

Love very often, like the vibration of a pendulum, when for ſome moments pushed off, will return more fierce and ſtrong; but this is a very dangerous experiment, and will, if repeated too frequently, moſt probably end at laſt in quenching that paſſion it was meant to enflame. Beſides which, he will at ſuch times be apt to retort theſe arts upon her; and as the hearts of men are much harder than thoſe of women, ſhe will I doubt be found the weaker veſſel.

It ſhould indeed be the wiſh of a young woman rather to keep up a ſteady affection, and a calm eſteem, betwixt herſelf and her favoured lover, than to enflame his paſſions, and of courſe her own; for it is in ſuch warm, ſuch tender moments as theſe that her chief-danger

lies. Were I to plan the ruin of female innocence, I would certainly take the melting moments of reconciliation, after a violent quarrel. Another time of extreme danger is, that extatic minute when ſhe firſt acknowledges her kindneſs, and gives a looſe to long concealed love. In ſuch ſoft hours as theſe ſhe ſhould keep ſtricteſt guard upon her heart and conduct; for if ſhe ſuffers her own fond deſires and the ſoothing promiſes of her lover to betray her into fatal indiſcretion, ſhe muſt think herſelf obliged to her ſwain, if he performs the moſt ſolemn engagements; and, after letting her ſuffer the greateſt inquietude of ſuſpenſe and apprehenſion, at laſt coldly take that hand he once ſeemed moſt paſſionately to wiſh for. — But ſhe is moſt likely to meet with ſtill worſe uſage: for although her eyes could pierce a lover's breaſt, and read determined conſtancy written in his heart, yet would her honour be too great a venture. Her charms of innocence once fled, his deſires may decline—and ſome other nymph,

"With equal charms, and yet untaſted beauty,"

may

may catch his roving eye; and truant reaſon, ever ready to play the pander to the will, may point out cruel ſuſpicions to harden his heart, and hapleſs ſhe will find the once fond lover, who ſeemed to live but on her ſmiles, become at laſt a cold, unfeeling, unrelenting traitor.

NUMBER XXII.

MONOGAMY.

Hail, wedded love! ——————
By thee adult'rous luſt was driv'n from man,
Among the beſtial herd to range; by thee,
Founded on reaſon, loyal, juſt and pure,
Relations dear, and all the charities
Of father, ſon and brother, firſt were known.

MILTON.

Not only from what I have ſaid at the concluſion of my laſt paper, but from what we ſee almoſt daily paſſing in the world, it muſt appear of what very great conſequence it is to every young woman that ſhe ſhould keep her fame and virtue

free from blemish: and, to make ſure of this, ſhe ſhould, in the firſt place, avoid unſeaſonable hours and private retreats; for every adept in the arts of ſeduction knows how much the ſhades of darkneſs, the ſtilneſs of ſolitude, and the langour of a midnight hour, joined with a lover's careſſes, will melt the languiſhing, the reluctantly yielding maiden to his wiſh. She ſhould likewiſe keep up a ſtrict regard to delicacy; for if ſhe once begins to ſuffer deviating freedoms from her lover, ſhe will ſcarce know how to check him, while ſhe has aught left to preſerve. The ſoft, white, warm and heaving boſom, with every ſecret charm beſides, ſhould be preſerved inviolate, to reward alone the fond expecting huſband. Laſtly, ſhe ſhould never ſuffer any diſcourſe of a wanton, or immoral tendency to pollute her ear, for it inſenſibly vitiates the ſentiments, and inflames the paſſions, and then, moſt aſſuredly, *the woman who deliberates is loſt.*

The libertine, perhaps, will tell his miſtreſs that nature knows no bonds for love; yet, moſt certain it does know them:

them: Even among the brute part of the creation there are ſuch natural ties, as are neceſſary for the propagation and moſt conveniently rearing their ſeveral offſprings. Moſt quadrupeds feed by grazing, (or other means) while their active young ones are ſucking the milky udder; they need not the male's aſſiſtance to ſupport them, therefore their union with him is only momentary, ſuch as their nature requires. But the feathered race have neſts to build, and with their genial warmth to hatch their brood, and then with care and toil to feed them. The faithful cock aſſiſts and ſoths his mate in all theſe labours, provides her and her callow young with food, and cheers her with the muſic of his voice, until the well fledged birds have taken their laſt inſtructions in flight; that taſk completed, their union is no more needful, and therefore by the inſtinctive hand of nature is diſſolved.

The brute creation in this, as well as every thing beſides, is guided by that moſt convenient law, the law of nature; inſtinct directs them, and they never err:

while man ſhamefully abuſes his prerogative of reaſon; no fancy is ſo unnatural, no deſire ſo irregular, but his perverted appetite, his ſtudied ſenſuality leads him to it. However, let us ſee what parity of reaſon, that ſame regard to general convenience, which in this caſe inſtinctively directs the brutes, muſt point out as the natural law of man in regard to the union of the ſexes: firſt premiſing that nature knows no diſtinctions of rank or ſituation, and whatever would be wrong in general practice, is naturally forbidden to every individual.

Human creatures cannot maintain themſelves in life, nor obtain their neceſſary food and raiment without being buſily employed; and then their children are born weak and helpleſs, for years requiring a mother's almoſt ſole attention; who then is naturally bound to protect and provide for her and the infant offſpring but the father? While, yet, the firſt is young and wanting of ſupport, its parents are engaged in the mutual charge. Thus far nature prompts, until a new offſpring riſes, and then a new natural tie

binds

binds them the faſter; nor can they, conſiſtently with the law of nature, break the bond, until their children are all reared to manhood; until they have inſtructed them in the neceſſary arts of life, until they have endeavoured to cultivate their reaſon,

To teach the young idea how to ſhoot,
To pour the freſh inſtruction o'er the mind.

And, then, are they who have ſpent the flower of life together, and grown habituated to each other, to part in old age, when nature's ſtrength is fled? No ſurely:

Relations dear, and all the charities
Of father, ſon and brother;

Every tie of gratitude, every feeling that is truly human;

The law of nature binds the knot for life.

Nay, even ſcripture will be profanely quoted to queſtion, why man ſhould be tied to one. But what have we to do with the practice of the Jews, or the voluptuous cuſtoms of thoſe eaſtern nations, who know nothing of the mutual rights of mankind, but who are in every line of life, cowards, effeminate tyrants and treacherous

cherous ſlaves? The number of the ſexes ſeemingly are equal; delicate ſentiment, generoſity, gratitude, general propriety and convenience, as well as the laws of our country and holy religion, point out the union of one to one, and ſend unſympathizing, undearing luſt

Among the beſtial herd to range.

But, why the ceremony, the black coat, or the ring? Every country, however uncivilized, has ſome public form of eſpouſal, and how long have men been ſo very honeſt as to need no legal ties? What objection can well meaning men have to thoſe rites which give reputation to the wife, credit of birth and right of inheritance to her children? What meaner paſſion (different far from love) muſt that be, which is unwilling to await the ceremony?

But at the leaſt hint of the kind the fair ſhould at once ſhudder and reſent, as offenſive to their delicacy, and affronting to their underſtandings. For, ſurely, it is the moſt debaſing meanneſs for a woman to ſuffer herſelf to be made a poor tool of,

to

to gratify the paſſion of fellows who make her their jeſt among their companions: while it muſt be the moſt pleaſing triumph to bleſs with the moſt endearing affections of the ſoul, the man who makes her his in the eye of honor, and ſtands forth the ſupport of her and her children. Such a love is, indeed, as my Lord Rocheſter ſays,

The moſt generous paſſion of the mind;
The ſofteſt refuge innocence can find.

NUMBER XXIII.

PLAIN-DEALING, ROUGH-DEALING, COMPLAISANCE, AND TRUE POLITENESS.

So over violent, or over civil.

DRYDEN.

Although real goodneſs of heart alone can form the man of worth, and ſincerity is a moſt valuable virtue, yet a degree of politeneſs and complaiſance is quite neceſſary, if we would either live agreeably ourſel-

ourſelves, or be agreeable to others: and thoſe rough ſpeakers, whoſe pride it is to ſay whatever comes into their heads, without regarding whom it offends or injures, are at once enemies to their own peace and intereſt, and deficient in their duty towards their neighbours; for certainly that man is ſo, who gives them unneceſſary and unprofitable pain. We need not flatter them in their vices, or even (provided there is hope of ſucceſs) refrain from perſuading them to abandon their errors, yet ſtill we ſhould have ſome reſpect to civility and good manners. A volume might be written on true complaiſance, and it would comprehend a great part of the relative duty of man; but all I propoſe here, is to point out ſome little vulgar errors in outward behaviour, which I ſhall do by drawing ſketches from nature, with ſome occaſional remarks upon them.

I have already obſerved how much a rough ſpeaking one's mind at all times, and upon all occaſions, is a breach of good manners; yet this is the pride of Ruſticus, who, rather than balk his humour, will diſtreſs his deareſt friend, or enrage his moſt dan-

dangerous enemy: his remarks are always what he thinks, often very juſt, but frequently ill-timed and indecent. He has, perhaps, been ſpoiled, by being moſtly in the company of thoſe he thought his inferiors, but they were not the leſs intitled to civility on that account; it is cruelty, and an overbearing pride, added to bad manners, to take indecent freedoms, to inſult an inferior, a dependant, a ſervant, whoſe ſituation will not ſuffer him openly to reſent it.

Gnatho outdoes complacency; he flatters in ſuch fulſome terms as makes you bluſh in public, or laugh in your ſleeve. It is moſt indecent to ſpeak of your regard for a man, or good opinion of him to his face; the handſomeſt way of paying your court, is by a readineſs to oblige, a compliance with your friend's humours, and a ſeeming confidence in his judgment. How far this ſhould be carried, muſt be decided by true diſcretion, and a regard to real honor.

Kind and hoſpitable Dorothea wearies you with continual invitations, even when

you

you are doing the utmoſt juſtice to her entertainments; and although ſhe has provided her beſt, ſhe is ſo repeatedly ſorry that every thing is not good enough, that you are forced to praiſe every diſh, whether it juſt pleaſe your fancy or not: this is a kind, and well meant, but a troubleſome degree of complaiſance. A cheerful countenance, ſeemingly at eaſe, a kind, but not over acted degree of attention, will give the higheſt zeſt to your entertainments, and ſatisfaction to your gueſts.

But all Dorothea's invitations would be neceſſary for Stephanus. If he calls upon you with a deſign to dine or ſleep, he notwithſtanding needs ſo many invitations; or if he intends departing, is ſo intent on going, and yet never gone, that you know not whether you have him or loſe him, until he is half way home: but thoſe who underſtand real good breeding, know that it conſiſts in an eaſy modeſt freedom, and ſo far as relates to little hoſpitable kindneſſes, with thoſe we chuſe to interchange viſits with, we ſhould always

Take favors freely, and as freely give.

Pliard

Pliard is ſo complaiſant as to be always of the ſame mind as he finds the perſon is with whom he converſes. I have, by way of trial and diverſion, made him expreſs quite contrary ſentiments of perſons or things in the ſpace of half an hour. It is good not to enter too warmly into diſputes, it is often better to drop a ſubject, when we find our companion's ſentiments differ very much from ours; but unleſs we have more than plauſible reaſons given us for a change of ſentiment, to give our's up at once, to ſpeak what we do not think, is a ridiculous complaiſance, which inſtead of pleaſing, muſt make us deſpiſed.

But Clodius is one of thoſe gentlemen

——— „Whoſe temper ſuits,
Like bawd and brandy with diſputes."

He moſtly is a declaimer againſt all religions, but ſtart an objection againſt any mode of faith, and he is a zealot in its cauſe. It is his pride to prove contradictions, nay when, for quietneſs ſake, you have yielded him the victory, he will boaſt, that if he had taken your ſide of the

queſtion, he would more indiſputably have triumphed. But diſputes ſhould neither have their riſe, or be continued further, when it ſeems diſagreeable to any of the company, eſpecially your adverſary, and thoſe concerning religion, when men are at their cups, are moſt indecent, and muſt be ſhocking to every ſerious mind.

Selpack is not a mere man of argument, he is a public ſpeaker, an orator, an inſtructor of the people; he may be reckoned the Socrates of his whole pariſh: he gives them lectures in the quibbles of law, or the abſtruſe jargon of ſcholaſtic divinity; this is his forte, he knows nothing of the generous principles of equity, of conſcience, nor of that divine ſpirit of religion, which diſſolves the ſoul into univerſal benevolence — charity towards man, and adoration of the Supreme Being. He uſes, or rather abuſes the Socratic method of arguing; he aſks queſtions, and if you attempt to anſwer, catches at ſome word, and muſt have an explanation, ſo if you have not a lexicon in your head, ready at a moment's warning, he harangues away, and enjoys your confuſion; but if you attempt

tempt the ſame with him, or to keep him to a point, he ſhifts his ground, and by ſtrength of lungs, ſecures a ſafe retreat. Were he not a ſpiritleſs miſer, he would be litigious; he hates lawyers, becauſe they love to have fees, but has been ſeen to be frequently handed out of a court-leet, or a pariſh veſtry, for his impertinent noiſe and hindrance of buſineſs.

Indeed, whoever is a monopolizer of diſcourſe, whoever muſt always be heard, and is too noiſy to hear others, whoever intrudes ſuch long harangues, as are inſuitable or diſagreeable to the company, whether it be the pedant who confuſes you with his books and learning, the ſportſman who worries you with his hounds and hunting, the fop who teazes you with his dreſs, balls, and amours, the witling with his looſe and profane jeſts, or the old drone with his ſtring of tales upon tales, or whatever be his theme, he muſt be reckoned an impertinent coxcomb, and a ſinner againſt good manners.

Neither is it being always bowing and cringing, or a fawning like admiration of

what comes from another, nor yet a ſtupid ſitting ſilent; but it is a deſire to pleaſe, and to be pleaſed; a modeſt reſpectful behaviour to ſuperiors, an eaſy chearful one to equals, and a dignified condeſcenſion to inferiors, which conſtitutes real good manners. But good ſenſe, and a good heart, are the only ſure foundations of good breeding; a fool may only be poliſhed into a coxcomb, or a raſcal into a knave, or a hypocrite; but a good and ſenſible man, who has but a decent degree of aſſurance, can never be guilty of any great impropriety of behaviour.

NUMBER XXIV.

SUSPICION.

Think'ſt thou I'll make a life of jealouſy?
I'll ſee before I doubt; when I doubt, prove.
SHAKESPEARE.

Amongſt other equally abſtruſe and unſerviceable queſtions which have been agitated in the ſchools, it has been diſputed, whether angels have the power of concealing their thoughts from each other. How Omniſcience has determined for theſe pure and ſinleſs ſpirits is neither in our power to conceive, nor, in our preſent ſtage of being, is it our buſineſs to enquire; but moſt aſſuredly (notwithſtanding all the miſchiefs which are effected by means of diſguiſe and hypocriſy) it is better for mankind that they ſee not into the ſecret workings of each other's boſom; for the very beſt man would be in perpetual ſhame, by reaſon of the almoſt involuntary evil thoughts continually intruding themſelves upon him, and would be ſeeing

ſuch in others (who are now ſeemingly his friends, and may be always ſo in effect, or at leaſt no way his enemies) as muſt give him conſtant diſguſt and uneaſineſs; and then what proſpects for loathing or terror would he meet with in the breaſts of too many who ſurround him.

If then the real and certain knowledge of other people's thoughts and wiſhes (notwithſtanding the ſeeming ſecurity it might yield us) would be too dearly bought by the anxiety it would give us, and the diſlike it would occaſion, how much more muſt it be a folly to be continually entertaining mere fancied jealouſies of thoſe with whom we have intercourſe or connection. But to conſider this ſubject further, I have only to copy an extract from ſome looſe papers, left by a much valued relation of mine, lately deceaſed.

„I always look upon it (ſays he) as the „beſt policy to think candidly of mankind, „as well for one's preſent eaſe, as for one's „future benefit. A ſuſpicious being is al„ways uneaſy with himſelf, full of diſquiet

„and

„and anxiety, thinking every one watch-
„ing for an advantage over him; his cir-
„cumſpection ſo very much contracts his
„notions, that he dare not put in practice
„what would be for his own advantage,
„through the fear of being over-reached
„by ſome diſhoneſt means. Caution is
„really neceſſary, but indiſcriminate fears
„are but the bugbears of a ſordid and a
„jealous mind.

„Whether we conſider this idea of thin-
„king well of every body, as it may effect
„us in the line of buſineſs, or in our ſo-
„cial intercourſe with friends and acquain-
„tances, it will, upon a juſt balance, be
„found the more eaſy and pleaſurable part
„to take, and ſure it muſt be the moſt vir-
„tuous; how painful is it to think thoſe
„about us are turning our manners into
„deriſion, or endeavouring to take an ad-
„vantage of our weakneſs. It may, in-
„deed, be argued, that to place too much
„confidence will render us eaſily made
„dupes of, and frequently make us pay
„forfeit of what we hold moſt dear to
„this general and childiſh credulity. All
„this is in part granted; I have not ſuch

„an exalted opinion of the good-will and „integrity of mankind in general, as to ad- „viſe any perſon to deliver into the hands „of a ſtranger, an acquaintance, or even „one he has had reaſon to believe his „friend, the power of hurting his enjoy- „ments or intereſts; I am only talking of „the moſt eaſy and virtuous way of dea- „ling with and living among mankind. „One may ſurely think well of a man, let „him ſee one does ſo, and by that means „acquire his good-will, and ſo make every „tranſaction and intercourſe with him go „ſmoothly on, in a way which muſt be „mutually moſt pleaſing, and yet not give „up one's own judgment and caution ſo „much, as to endanger eaſe or advantage.

„If you ſhould have formed a good „opinion of every decent perſon about „you, or with whom you may have con- „cerns, I ſhould hope you would not „have reaſon to alter your opinion of more „than two in ten of the whole circle; „provided, however, that you do not „make it your ſtudy to find faults, and „heighten every little error or weakneſs „into a breach of friendſhip, ingratitude,

or

„or injuſtice, and take care not to form „romantic and unreaſonable expectations „from generoſity and confidence. But if „you ſhould be miſtaken in a few, and „even ſuffer ſome loſs to your feelings, or „your intereſt in life; the pleaſure you „have all along had, and ſtill feel in ſup„poſing your acquaintance in general „think well of you, and would as can„didly excuſe your faults as you would „their's; the conſciouſneſs of not having „deſerved bad uſage from any one, by „your having harboured unjuſt or ungene„rous ſuſpicions of them, will make you „rich amends, by the inward ſatisfaction „it muſt yield. But on the other hand, „it muſt certainly be a temptation to the „world in general, to endeavour to reach „beyond one, who they ſee has no con„fidence nor kindneſs towards them, but „whoſe ſordid mind is entirely wrapped „up in the narrowneſs of ſelfhood." —

In my opinion, with regard to our conduct in this particular, the proper maxim is: „Diveſt not yourſelf entirely of cau„tion with your moſt intimate acquain„tance, or ſeemingly moſt faithful friend;

„yet ſhow not yourſelf ungenerouſly ſu-
„ſpicious of any one, unleſs you are cer-
„tain he is a raſcal or your enemy."

NUMBER XXV.

PRUDENTIAL LOVE.

——Full of youthful blood, and fond of man,
She to the woodlands with an outlaw ran.

PRIOR.

To the AUTHOR.

SIR,

„I am a young woman of nineteen, the
„daughter of one who is able to give me
„a handſome fortune; and have for ſome
„time received the addreſſes of a young
„tradeſman, who was ſeemingly in a thri-
„ving way; had the approbation of my
„parents; and by the agreeableneſs of his
„perſon and addreſs, he entirely gained
„my affections, ſo that we were in a fair
„way of being united with the general

con-

„conſent of all parties, when unfortuna-
„tely, one to whom he was indebted ſer-
„ved him with a writ, which ſet all his
„creditors upon him at once, ſo that he is
„now a bankrupt. On this account my
„parents would have me forſake him. But
„do not you think I ſhould act baſely if
„I did? How mean a figure would a lady,
„as the heroine of a novel, make, if ſhe
„ſhould behave ſo ungenerouſly? I am
„ſure not only by his words, but by his
„looks and actions, that he loves me; and
„he ſays if I will but conſent to marry
„him, he cares not whether my father
„will give me any thing or not. Now is
„not this generous? Do not you think I
„ſhould run away with the poor fellow?
„Otherwiſe I believe I ſhall not merit the
„name of

„FIDELIA."

Methinks my fair correſpondent ſhould conſider the difference between a virtuous wife endeavouring cheerfully to ſhare in the misfortunes, merited or unmerited, of her huſband, and a young woman knowingly, and unneceſſarily running herſelf

and

and an unborn offſpring into poverty and diſtreſs, and that too for the ſake of a man who has groſsly impoſed upon her, and treated her ſo ungenerouſly as any one certainly does, who endeavours to conceal from his miſtreſs any ſecret diſadvantage which may attend an union with him; and whoſe true motive for paying his addreſſes to her, ſhe ſhould have the greateſt reaſon to ſuſpect, was leſs affection to her perſon, than her portion, with which he wanted to patch up his broken fortunes.

She ſays, ſhe is ſure that he loves her; but I, who perhaps may know the human heart as well, am pretty ſure he does not—love her. Why yes he may love her, as he does a bottle of wine; that is, he may like her for the gratification of his appetitte; but this ſurely is not that which deſerves the name of love towards a fellow-creature, capable of reciprocal feeling and ſentiments, and whom our conduct may make miſerable or happy.

Had he, previous to his endeavouring to draw her into engagements, let her

know

know the difficulties under which he laboured, and ſhe could have ſeen it was probable that her beſtowing her perſon and fortune upon him, would enable him to retrieve his affairs; and that from what appeared in his former conduct, it was likely he would do his part towards the reſtoring them, it would certainly then have been an act of generous love; but if either her means were inadequate or ſhe could not reaſonably place ſufficient confidence in him, for her to become an unſerviceable ſharer in his diſtreſs, this, if he has a feeling heart, would be only adding to his miſery, at the ſame time ſhe is ruining herſelf. Love, although a moſt excellent deſert, makes but a poor meal: we cannot ſatisfy the cravings of hunger with it, no, nor clothe the nakedneſs of our children. This, I think, may be ſatisfactory as to his very generous offer of taking her, whether her father will give her any thing or not; but any one who had not more love than judgment, might diſtruſt his diſintereſtedneſs even here, as he likely expects ſomething from paternal forgiveneſs, and tender affection.

But

But my fair correſpondent, I find, has formed her notions of heroic love from romances; the reading of which is but too frequently prejudicial to young women, as it is apt to raiſe that warm and delicate ſoftneſs of ſentiment, which is ſo natural to them (and which, if not carried too far, is their chiefeſt beauty) to a dangerous height. Were theſe novels formed upon proper, upon rational plans, the danger would be leſs; but in general, we ſee a looſe young fellow, with ſome alluring beauties of character, which ſerve only to gild over the native uglineſs of vice, after running through a ſeries of laſcivious ſcenes, all of which are moſt exquiſitely deſcribed for the edification of the reader, the poiſon of which is to be amended by a few trite reflections in praiſe of virtue at the cloſe of the book; I ſay this hero of romance, as the reward of lewdneſs and diſſipation, is, after bringing himſelf to the brink of ruin, to have his affairs at once miraculouſly retrieved, (things not to be looked for in real life) and to be bleſſed with a ſtill more valuable acquiſition, an innocent, and every way

virtuous

virtuous young woman, to whom he is to make (which is the moſt improbable miracle of all) an indulgent, faithful huſband, and a kind, as well as provident father, to a race of healthy boys and girls.

Such are the ſtories written by thoſe authors who more particularly pretend to copy nature: and how natural this ſudden change of character is, may ſoon be determined by obſerving, how very rare indeed, they are ſeen in real life: A confirmed rake, or libertine, may take a religious turn, may (it is to be hoped) die happy, but ſcarcely ever can be that eaſy, chearful, ſober man, formed to make matrimony comfortable. For what can ſuch novels inculcate? They ſerve but to confirm giddy young girls in this abſurd maxim, that a reformed rake makes the beſt huſband; a notion which has been the ruin of but too many of the ſex.

But let me caution all my fair readers, (eſpecially you, my dear romantic girls) from ſhaping your conduct out of the hands of ſober reaſon, to put it under the direction of ſentiment—of a chimera, an ignis-fatuus which miſleads the mind.

Senti-

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Senti-

Sentiment is the offſpring of thought debauched by paſſion; it is nothing but a ſubtle refinement of deſire. What is there ſo abſurd or fooliſh, or indeed ſo ungenerous or unjuſt, but the mind (ever ingenious to its hurt) will find out ſomething like ſentiment to ſupport it. It bids the flighty girl, *to pleaſe her eye, although it plague her heart:* and becauſe the youth ſighs ſadly—perhaps for her portion—ſhe muſt pity him, reward his paſſion, and plunge her anxious parents into ſorrow and diſtreſs! And let me likewiſe warn you from indulging a paſſion under the ſpecious maſk of friendſhip: platonic love is platonic nonſenſe. However pure, however diſintereſted it may fancy itſelf, there wants only opportunity and indulgence to make it ſufficiently ſenſual. And yet a tender, delicate, and generous paſſion, how congenial to my feelings! Charmed with that beauty of ſoul, which ſhines forth in the mild luſtre of her eye, hopeleſs of greater bliſs, I have often fondly wiſhed for ſome little mental intercourſe, ſome friendſhip with the fair one—but my pen is dedicated to the cauſe

of

of truth and reaſon, and what they ſeem to dictate it muſt implicitly obey.

NUMBER XXVI.

PARENTAL AFFECTION.

——Moray, with unfather'd eyes,
Fix'd on fair Lothian's fertile dale;
Attends his human ſacrifice,
Without the Grecian painter's veil.

LANGHORNE.

To the AUTHOR.

SIR,

As you ſeem no friend to wild romantic notions of love, and as my daughter Eleanor reads your paper, I think fit to appeal to you in a diſpute between us. I dit not, like Artimiſia's fooliſh parents, deck out my girl with ruffles and ribbands, nor le' her curl up her hair like the ſpringes to catch woodcocks, that is fluttering coxcombs; nor yet dit I ſet her heart agog with talking to her about a huſband; but,

on the contrary, took care to keep her from every place where ſhe might fall into the company of your fine young fellows; ſo thought her ſafe until I had found out a man for her, who might be a good match, and would be likely to take care of what I had got ſcraped together, for ſhe is my only child.

And now (ſhe being ſeventeen) I have found her out one who is a young, handſome, ſober, careful fellow, and what is beſt of all, a rich fellow too; and yet the fooliſh girl will not have him. She has taken a fancy to my man Robin. Who would ever have feared that? I have ſent him a packing, but I cannot get her to marry the other; and I doubt ſhe will be running away after him. Will it not be right for me to lock her up until I can get her to marry as I wiſh? Pray adviſe your perplexed

Humble ſervant,

CALEB CAUTIOUS.

It is a misfortune that people in general are moſt apt to run into extremes, whereas

whereas the medium in almoſt every thing is beſt. My correſpondent was undoubtedly right not to dreſs his daughter above her rank, nor to fill her head with romantic notions; yet he took a ſtill more dangerous method, in keeping her in ſo mean a garb, that ſhe could not look out with any ſatisfaction among her neighbours, and in confining her, that there was no variety of objects to diverſify her thoughts and wiſhes, ſo that if once a fond idea aroſe, it ſat brooding in her ſolitary mind until it became ſole monarch of her ſoul. Had my correſpondent introduced his daughter into company, ſhe never would have looked upon Robin in any other light than as a ſervant. Let parents think what they will, *Love will be triumphant, nature will prevail.*

My correſpondent ſeems ſurprized that his daughter ſhould refuſe this *young, handſome man;* but if he was an Adonis, his being introduced by parental authority, in oppoſition to a favoured lover, would make her hate him. Among our country girls, who have not yet learned to ſubmit to the mercantile method of courtſhip, an

addreſs firſt began by addreſſing them, will be the moſt pleaſing; there is a pride of freedom natural to young women, (indeed to human nature in general) which makes them love to have the appearance as well as reality of making their own choice. The latter they ſchould certainly have a very great ſhare of, in an affair which is likely to fix their fate for life; for there are a thouſand little particulars, which it is impoſſible any but the parties themſelves can judge of, which may be agreeable, or diſagreeable in ſo delicate, ſo tender an union as the married ſtate is.

But to come to the point. As the affair now ſtands betwixt my correſpondent and his daughter; I ſhall conſider, firſt, the compulſive power of the parent as to how far he may proceed towards compelling her to marry as he approves, and ſecondly, the reſtrictive authority he may uſe to prevent her beſtowing her hand according to her inclinations.

As to the firſt (although the local cuſtoms of too many countries are againſt me) I think the laws of God and Nature, or happily thoſe of this nation, give him

no

no ſuch power at all; but there is a branch of it (equally ſevere upon a kind and generous heart) which may, and I doubt too frequently is made uſe of, I mean compulſory perſuaſion. If the great, who in caſe of diſagreement, can purſue their ſeparate pleaſures, have their ſeparate train of ſervants, their ſeparate apartments, ſeparate beds, and at laſt their ſeparate maintenances; he, his miſtreſs, ſhe her ciciſbeo, I ſay if they think fit to prefer wealth to happineſs, it is no example for thoſe of lower rank to follow, who muſt be confined to the ſame apartments, who muſt be every thing to each other; and whether they kiſs or ſnarl, muſt run through lige together. Hard are the mother's pains and cares, the nurſe's confinement, tedious watchings, when no love for the father, no huſband's grateful tenderneſs rewards it. To think ourſelves happy is a great means to keep us ſo; but to fancy unhappineſs (however chimerical the reaſon) is undoubtedly ſufficient to keep us always wretched. It is certainly quite neceſſary to make wedlock happy, that both parties enter into it with entire

good will. If the father's choice knows not of the bride's reluctance, it is the height of injuſtice to give him a wife without what a man of any delicacy of ſentiment would value moſt of all, the affections of her heart. If he does know it, and yet accepts her, he thereby ſhews his unworthineſs. What man of ſenſe and feeling would truſt his daughter with one who, when he takes her, knows he makes her wretched! A generous lover (indeed any one who really loves) would rather ſee his miſtreſs happy in the arms of him ſhe doats on, than miſerable in his own.

But in the reſtrictive part, a parent certainly has a right to interfere, and the child ſhould be implicitly obedient. It muſt be diſtreſſing to a father, to ſee his thoughtleſs child throwing herſelf away upon one he in his better judgment cannot but think unworthy; or marrying one whoſe ſituation is ſuch, as muſt plunge her into poverty and diſtreſs. And ſurely a parent's tender care deſerves ſome regard, although the young perſon ſhould think him rather capricious. But yet a

father

father ſhould not deſire to ſacrifice his child's happineſs to his ambitious views, nor refuſe her to the worthy man ſhe loves, becauſe ſhe might get one a little richer. And even when he thinks he muſt refuſe, it ſhould be done with gentleneſs and caution, ſo that ſhe may not be driven to fatal extremities: if by gentle and tender remonſtrances, ſhe can be brought to ſet her own judgment in oppoſition to the frenzy of paſſion, there is little fear but her paſſion may be ſubdued; but violence and compulſion I am certain will never prevail; they will rather hurry her into indiſcretions, which if left to herſelf, and at leiſure to reflect, ſhe might perhaps avoid. *But* (ſays an eminent and humane phyſician) *when love has got to a certain height, it admits of no cure but the poſſeſſion of the object*, and parents may perſiſt in a refuſal until *a ruined conſtitution, or a diſtracted mind has ſhewn them their miſtake.* If ſuch be the caſe of my correſpondent's daughter, I would have him maturely to conſider whether, if ſhe muſt be unhappy, he would chuſe it ſhould be from her own fault, or from his.

END OF VOL. I.

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